VOGUE®

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SPECIAL ISSUE

The body adorned
in splendours,
sculptured in gold...
Nabokov on Nabokov...
Pagan believers
in myth and magic...
Fantastic
Russian churches...
The new gypsy
dance of seduction...
Katharine Hepburn
and Coco Chanel...
The three-day
love-in that rocked
the world with
heart and art... Plus
Surprises!
Surprises!...
and Jean Kerr

CHRISTMAS
SPECTACULAR

Revlon creates 'luminesque' skinglow

Luminesque Cream Blusher. A glistening, opalescent blushing creme. Moisty, non-oily—it gives your skin a young translucent glow that's all new. Like moonglow. Only warmer. *Earthier.* Tawny, toasty, warm-skinned tones. To sleek over cheekbones. Eyebones. Chin-curves. Shoulders. (Or deep in the heart of the *decolletage.)* In 4 earthy colors: Luminesque Pink, Peach, Amber, Bronze. And a 'no-color' color called Luminesque Glow. In chic little compacts to tuck in your mini-est bag.



'MOON DROPS'

Luminesque Cream Blusher by Revlon

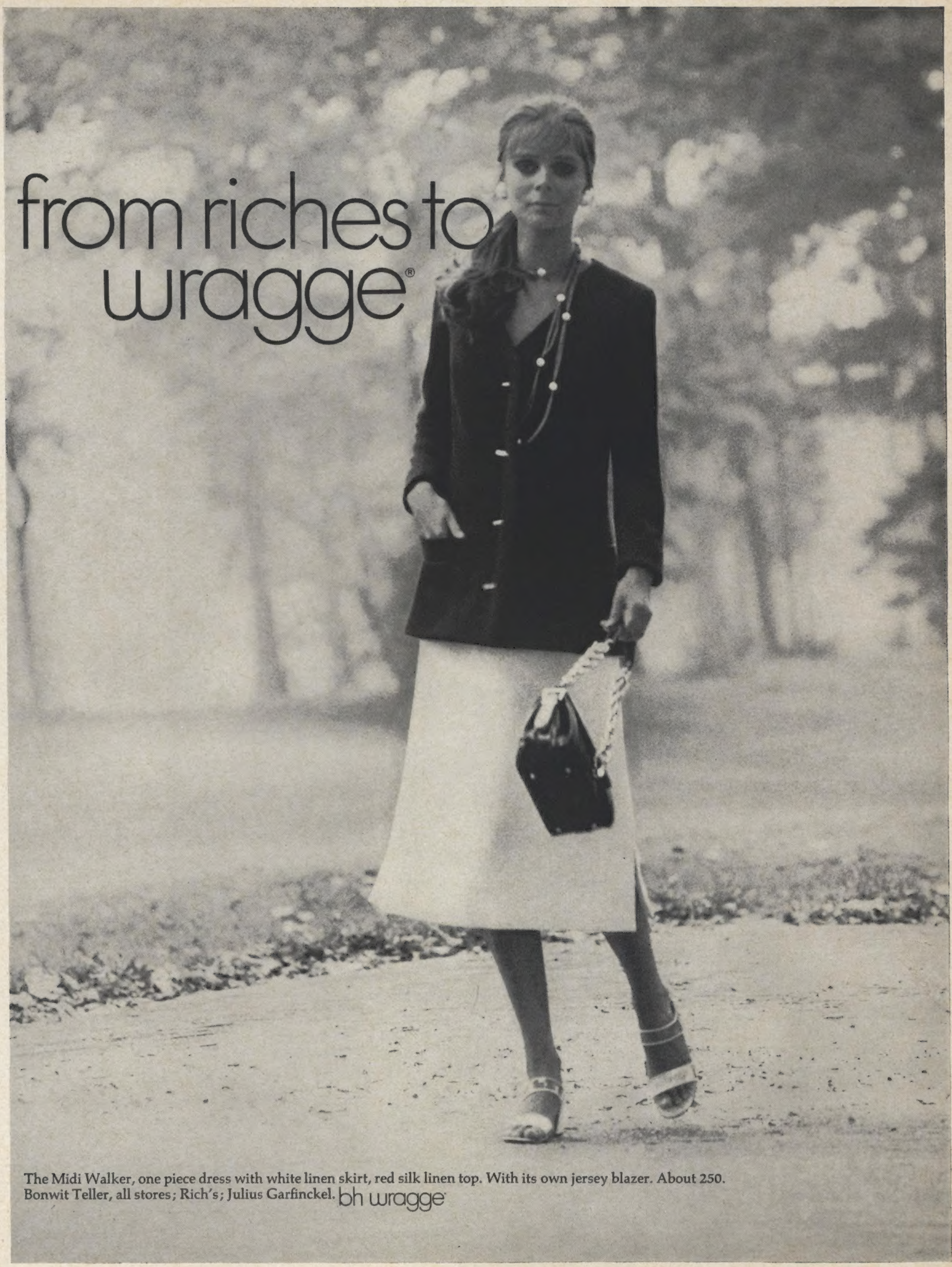
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SANTE FORLANO

EMERIC PARTOS shapes the perfect little coat in the super softness of Empress® Chinchilla, bleached to a tawny glow. Made to order in our custom workrooms. Fur Salon, Second Floor.

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The Midi Walker, one piece dress with white linen skirt, red silk linen top. With its own jersey blazer. About 250.
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DECEMBER, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENN

COVER: Surprise from Courrèges that's all snow and glow for Christmas: the simplest sleeveless white wool jersey dress with its own spectacular jewel of a collar—a shining brass turtleneck that starts under the arms and curves up to the chin, framing the face in a dazzle of reflected light. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. The coiffure, by Carita.

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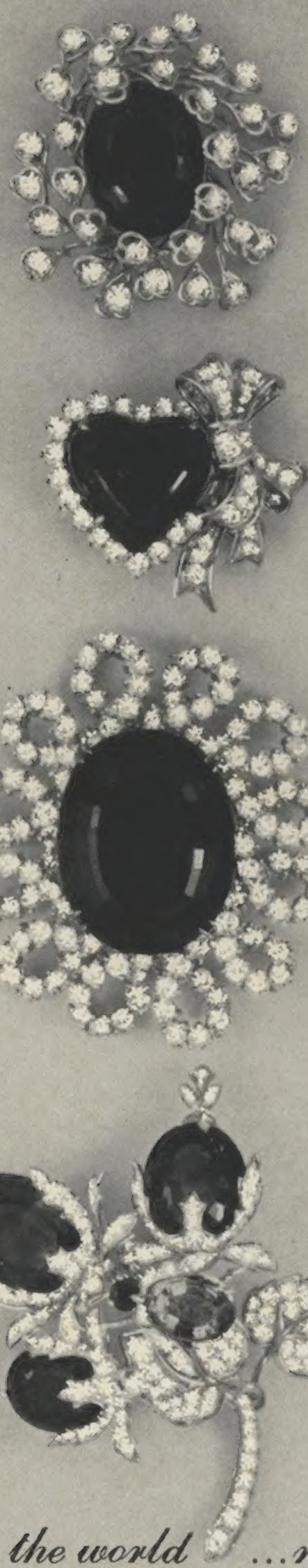
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KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



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BONWIT SAYS: NO-STRUCTURE!

No-structure—that's the excitement of Spring 1970,
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easy-moving lines of Chester Weinberg's three-story costume:
coral and navy wool plaid skirt and cardigan coat,
this bordered in navy
wool jersey to match
the jersey overblouse beneath,
435.00 complete
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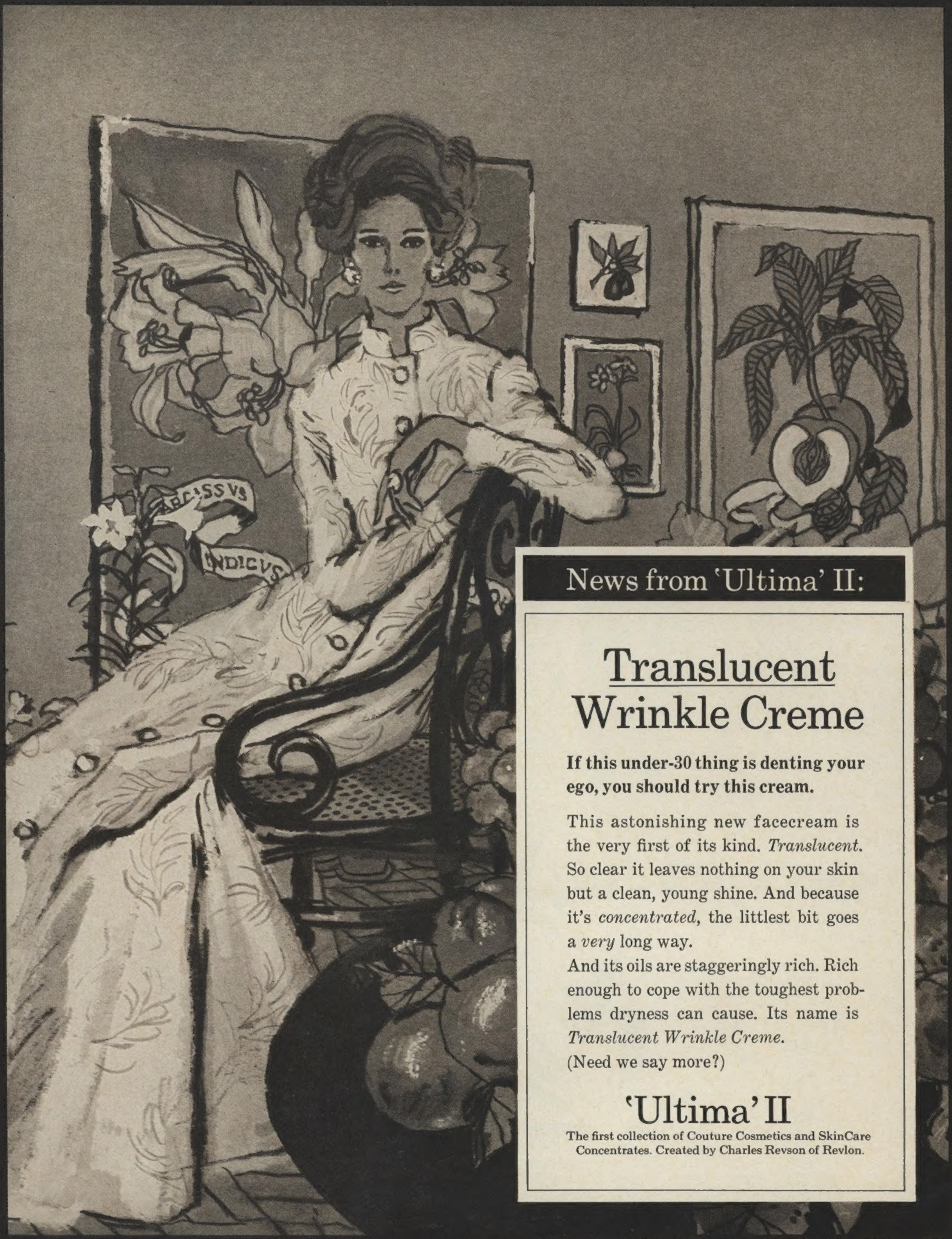
BONWIT TELLER



Polyester/cotton fabric woven by Galey & Lord—a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y.10019.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Dressing goes flamenco with lots of flip from a flounce and a super-duper print. Black-white-yellow cotton pique rimmed with black braid and beads, $130.



News from 'Ultima' II:

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

If this under-30 thing is denting your ego, you should try this cream.

This astonishing new facecream is the very first of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

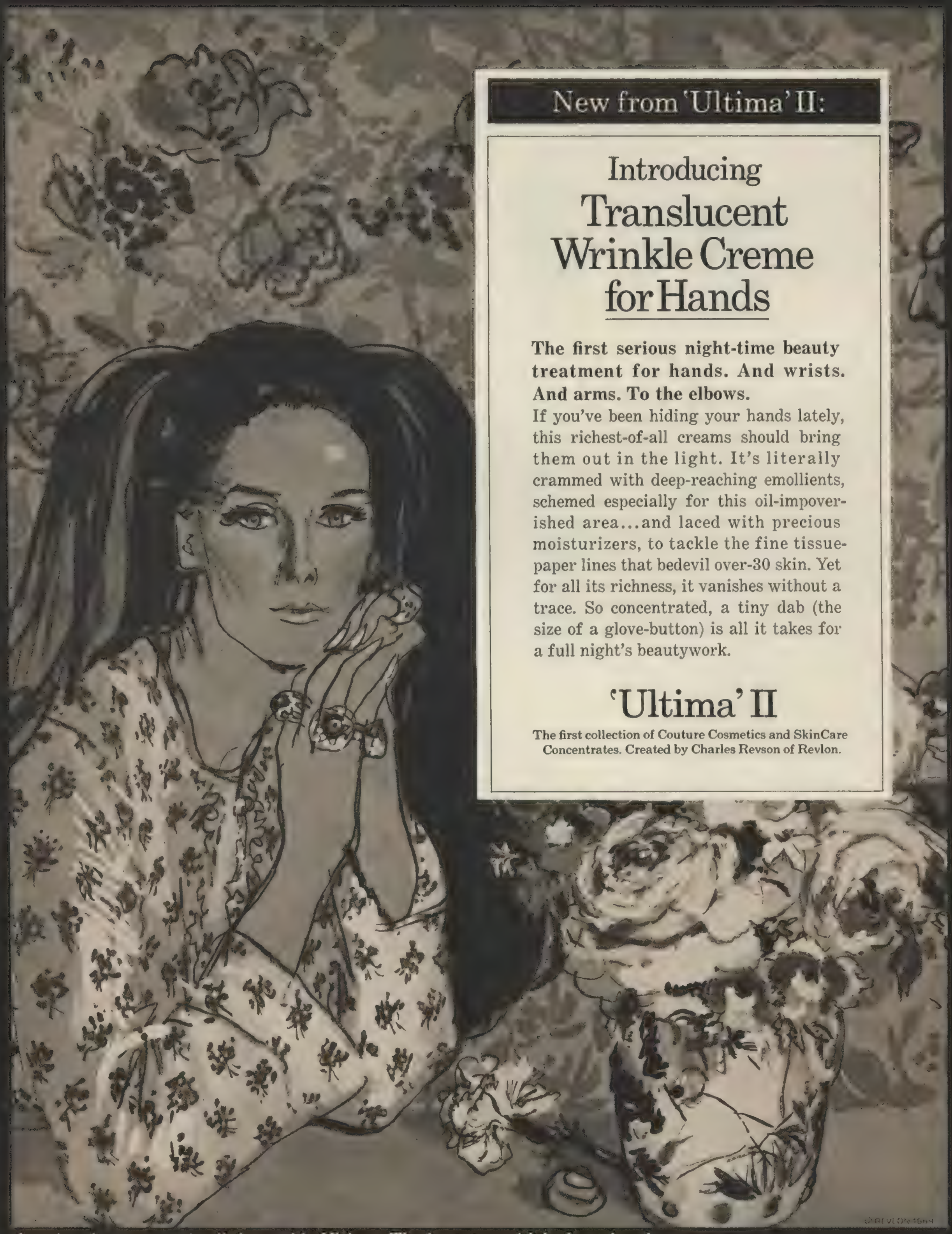
And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to cope with the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.*

(Need we say more?)

'Ultima' II

The first collection of Couture Cosmetics and SkinCare Concentrates. Created by Charles Revson of Revlon.

For the woman who lives in 'Ultima' II,



New from 'Ultima' II:

Introducing Translucent Wrinkle Creme for Hands

The first serious night-time beauty treatment for hands. And wrists. And arms. To the elbows.

If you've been hiding your hands lately, this richest-of-all creams should bring them out in the light. It's literally crammed with deep-reaching emollients, schemed especially for this oil-impoverished area...and laced with precious moisturizers, to tackle the fine tissue-paper lines that bedevil over-30 skin. Yet for all its richness, it vanishes without a trace. So concentrated, a tiny dab (the size of a glove-button) is all it takes for a full night's beautywork.

'Ultima' II

The first collection of Couture Cosmetics and SkinCare Concentrates. Created by Charles Revson of Revlon.

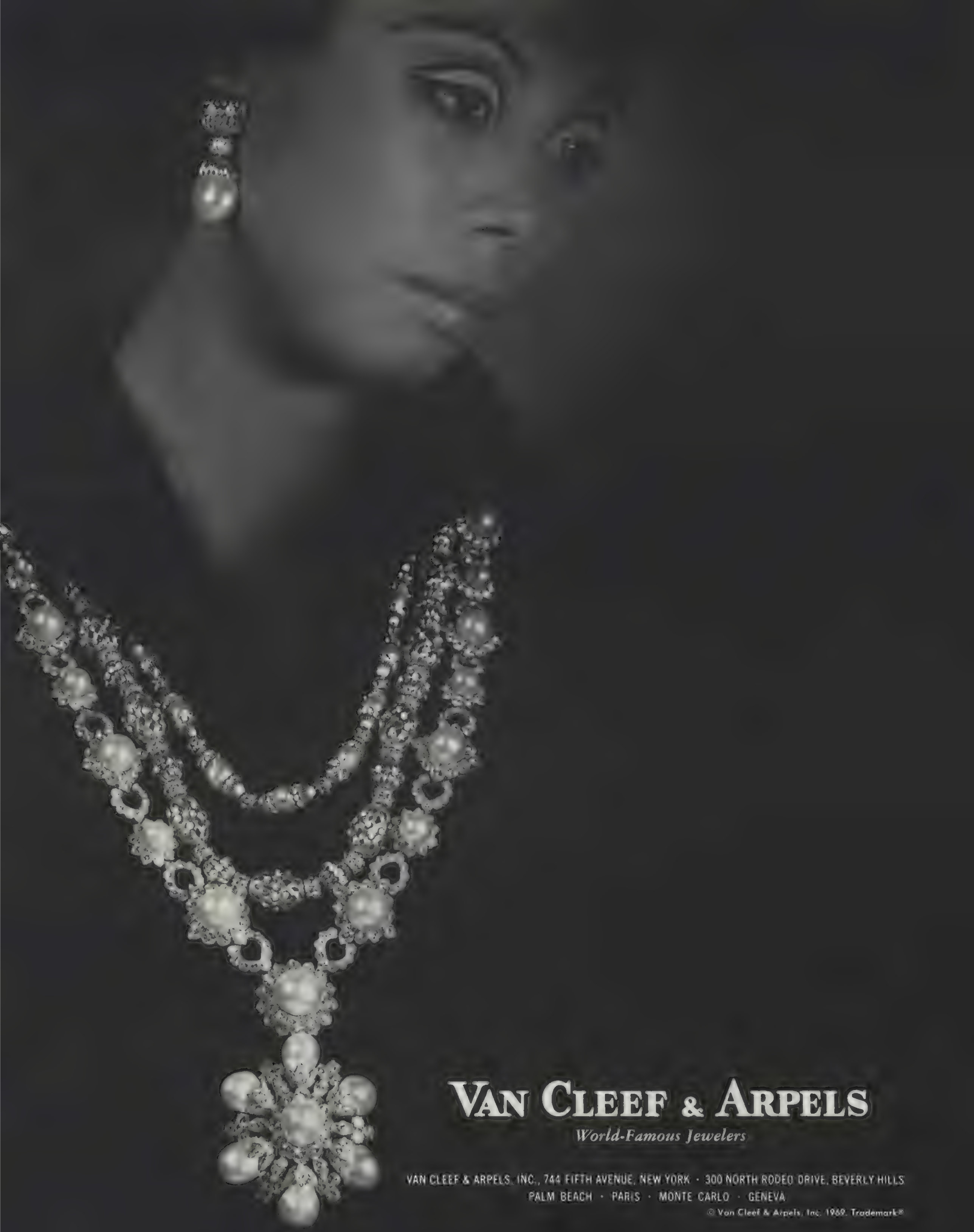
there is only one scent in all the world. 'Ultima'. The fragrance with body and soul.



Scintillating

little slip of a dress
to gleam wherever your
holiday plans take you—
Bandura® nylon in a
red-white-and-blue print,
muted with clear plastic
sequins pavés.
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There will be a number of unsuccessful attempts to copy this coat.



The Originala.

THE BLACK & WHITE MESSAGE

Dots and more dots, bordered into squares and making it big in our dress with jacket, $165. Another great statement, the refreshing lightness of "Black & White" Scotch. The Scotch for people who know the difference.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



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Hadley in cashmere.



exclusive dinner pyjamas to make waves in: Hanae Mori's sea of chrysanthemums on Ban-Lon® knit

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ZINC IMAGE

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of fragrance and cosmetics
for men as well as women...by Fabergé.

XANADU is designed for giving...
clear treasures for pleasures all year round.




Bloomingdale's
New York and All Stores.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



Perfume: present company included

Perfume has always been a present that makes a woman happy. Perfume in pretty packages, so much the better—the pleasure starts before the stopper's unstopped. Here, presents and pleasures in the Nick of time, in alphabetical order. . . . Elizabeth Arden's Mémoire Chéri is memorable in a rounded crystal bottle with a facetted crystal stopper. The bottle, clear; the perfume, a delirious emerald green. . . . Avon has taken bird in hand—trapped one-quarter ounce of Elusive perfume in a little bird bottle with a silvery head. . . . From Andrée Biallôt, a long-lasting fragrance form called Partout because everywhere is where it's worn. A liquid that poufs out in pearls of foam, poufs out of a tall, satiny aluminum atomizer that's eight-sided and as trim as good architecture. Fanfaron and Sue Sue are the two scents to put in for. . . . Hattie Carnegie's Àgogo comes in a sleek little stash-size spray cylinder all gilty-bright as the perfume inside. And this in turn comes in a sack of cheery cherry-red satin, tasselled and striped with black, to tote compact and pin money as well, or slip inside a bigger bag. . . . From Caron, Nuit de Noël, appropriately—an exotic perfume two ounces of which arrive in a flat black flask banded with paper brocade; this, inside a curved holder covered with pebbled-green endpaper paper, and *that* inside a box-shaped box. Could be Christmas any day or night. . . . Carven's Ma Griffe, a fresh greeny scent, appears, as always, in a fresh green-and-white box. The perfume atomizer is tall, handsome, golden-capped, and—hurrah—leakproof for travelling. . . . Corday has come up with *le coq d'or,* a little golden cock-a-doodle dandy on a pedestal. He has fake-sapphire eyes, and one of his golden wings opens on a pat of Corday Creme Perfume—Fame or Toujours Moi (both are also available this Christmas in a gilded signet case that's accompanied by a slick stick of sealing wax for handling one's *billets doux*). . . . Coty, with great élan, presents Élan perfume in a sculptured crystal bottle that's frosted except where sides and stopper are sliced off sheer—a very pretty bottle this, to spark up your dressing table while Élan sparks up your life. . . . From Jean D'Albret, a clean new floral fragrance, Princesse D'Albret. Ten years in the brewing, it made its début last month—the eau de toilette spray in a long, frosted atomizer flacon embossed with griffins and circled with golden bands, copied from the



baton Napoleon gave to one of the founders of the house of Jean D'Albret. This atomizer does not use gas so the fragrance never changes, and it's easily refillable. . . . Jean Desprez has put one and one-quarter ounces of their famous and precious Bal à Versailles perfume into a precious flacon called Janusette. A two-headed statuette of creamy Sèvres porcelain, it's crowned with eighteen-carat gold and a plume of silver, lies in a case of gold-tooled red morocco leather. There are only a hundred extant, and each of the hundred numbered. $850. Janusette, a luxury available in this country only at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman-Marcus. . . . Fabergé's recent arrival, Xanadu, runs a giddy gamut of containers involving all shapes and sizes of shimmer and shine. Xana-Dew Drops perfume, in a mirror-chrome miniature oil can, spurts out a drop at a time, and Spirits of Cologne haunts a logo-capped, Plexiglas-domed globe-bottle, silver on green on purple, and ready to splash. All very tomorrow, today. . . . L'Heure Bleue—a perfume so insinuating, so irresistible that one of the top woman executives of another perfumeria will wear none other —comes in a handsome bottle with scrolled shoulders and triangular stopper, immediately recognizable as Guerlain. . . . Calèche, from the famous House of Hermès, is a relatively new fragrance and already a classic. The same fame seems likely for the perfume's new mock-tortoiseshell atomizer, gilt-banded and great-looking. Choice of a one-ouncer, or the quarter-ounce size for handbag. . . . Houbigant's yummy





Chantilly is now part of the Chantilly Collection Royale, which means that the eau de parfum pours from Le Flacon de Versailles, a multi-facetted bottle straight out of a gilded past, glittering like the Cartier-Burton diamond. . . . Lancôme's Climat has atmosphere to burn. This Christmas, a square, scented candle slides out like a drawer from the top of the box holding eau de toilette, so the climate is heavenly all around. Also possible, a box of six Climat candles in various colours—marvellous present. . . . Estée Lauder's Estée Super Perfume—the lauded super-lingering scent—is available in an elegant little glass flacon for the handbag. Webbed with silvery filigree and topped with a silvery cap, it's a very pretty business to look into, and travels very well, too. . . . Revillon's Detchema, a delicious fragrance named for the Tibetan sorceress of joy, now comes in *la boule*, an exquisite spherical flacon with a clear disc top—a joy to behold and to wear. . . . From the House of Rigaud—eveReve, the perfume of paradise, perhaps. It's all about Eve, evenings, dreams, and evermore. The eau de parfum in a zebra-striped atomizer. . . . From Japan, Shiseido's Zen, a swoony perfume in graceful black bottles with a dollop of round stopper—three sizes, each dashed with a scattering of calligraphic golden flowers, each good to the last drop. . . . And in a clear squared bottle, in a velvety grey box with ZZ on the base—a brand-new perfume called Zig Zag. It's from the Gabor called Zsa Zsa, and it is very very zexy.



Malcolm Starr

by Elinor Simmons

Kimberly®

Big game captured in a wool and metallic kn't ensemble. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field & Company, Ne man-Marcus, I. Magnin.



JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB.

LESLIE FAY ON THE FASHION WAY



LESLIE JUNIORS

Swingy, clingy textured knit crepe dress in Arnel® and nylon. White with red stitching, treebark brown with white: 3-13, $33.

LESLIE FAY

Casual town and travel costume combining a two-toned V neck dress and contrasting double breasted blazer in linen-like rayon and flax. Red with white and navy; toast with black and white. 6-16, $56.



An Open Letter to Women of Fashion

What is fashion?
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Clothes with an original look and exciting flair.

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Fred P. Pomerantz

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Personal

Graceful caftan coat and pants of flowered cotton and acetate brocade. Satin blouse in washable rayon. Black and white, tobacco brown and white; 6-16. Coat $36. Pants $22. Blouse $14.

Carlye

Luxury of white Schiffli embroidery and beads on a background of linen-like rayon and silk. Yellow, blue or pink; 6-16, $125

Leslie Pomer

The wardrobe in one costume.
Coat and dress of Dacron® polyester double knit. Red, navy or blue; 12½ to 22½, $80.





Andrea gayle

Gaiety of stripes on a silky shirtdress of 100% Dacron® polyester.
Red, yellow, navy,white or green, blue, black, white. 8-18, $33.

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Mme. Grès admires a woman
who has a mind of her own



Her Paris-born fragrance is for the
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Cabochard de Grès-parfum, eau de toilette, huile pour le bain, savon. Packaged in France.

Lucien Piccard



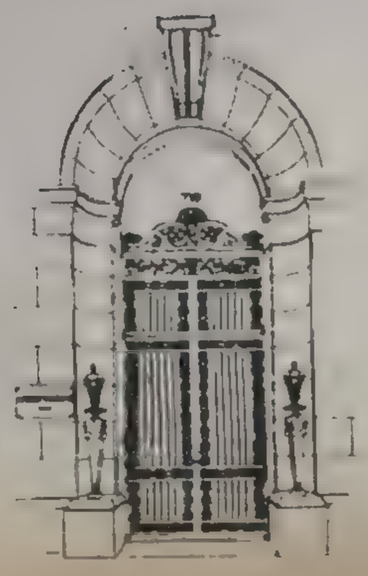
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24 QUAI GENERAL GUISAN
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND


N°5
CHANEL

There will always be a great





This swimsuit Oleg Cassini designed for Peter Pan has a great natural look.

Because Peter Pan made it out of a skinny fabric that keeps to the body but isn't hot and heavy and tight. A super soft fabric that clings and stretches when it's supposed to. That Cassini eased along your body lines and around our body bra so it clings and stretches where it's supposed to.

Oleg Cassini's "Diana" suit in 86% **DU PONT NYLON** and 14% **LYCRA*** spandex. In white, black, and banana, 8-14. About $25. Shirt, $26, and Pants, $25, in white and black, S, M, L, both 100% nylon.

The Peter Pan swimsuit. If you like the natural look, you're going to love the way you look in it.

OLEG CASSINI FOR

Peter Pan

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A Division of U.S. Industries, 1407 Broadway, New York, 10018.

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designed by Oscar de La Renta
she's ready to strike it rich
in the big city. Which goes to prove
that you can take Saga out of
the city but you can't take
the city out of Saga.

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One of the necessities of the
good life imported from Denmark
Finland Norway Sweden.

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Prepare your body and soul for a new experience.

Toss a handful of these precious pearls into your bath.

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You will emerge . . . silkily touchable . . . loving . . . lovable. Feminine. Science has discovered that essence of mink oil is one of the most fabulously beneficial *natural* skin moisturizers and lubricants ever known.

Essence of mink oil can help your skin feel gloriously, youthfully *alive.* Just toss new Mink & Pearls in your bath tonight and every night for a luxuriously new beauty experience.

At cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Ask for Mink & Pearls.

Fabulous for gifting!

In crystal-look case. Two hundred capsules ($5). Five hundred ($10). In refillable boutique holder ($12.50). Also available in golden liquid bath oil. One ounce ($2.00). Four ounces ($5.00). MINK & PEARLS, a product of Jovan, Inc., 33 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602





the sorcery of the Late, Late dress

ESTEVEZ sees the nighttime femme fatale in the dark of black crepe. The asymmetric hem drawn clear of the knee in front, clear to the floor in back . . . completing the effect, the aura of Aphrodisia, the dramatic lingering fragrance from FABERGE. The dress, 175.00 from Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop. Cologne Extraordinaire, 7.50; Perfume Spray Extraordinaire, 7.50; Weekend Set, 3.75; and Boudoir Box, 12.50. From the street floor collection of fine perfumes.

JORDAN MARSH



Say it graciously with your paper trousseau

Lovely papers, some traditional, others decidedly personal, belong in your paper trousseau. All tell of you and your thoughtfulness.

In a store that features Crane, you'll find an interested consultant, an authority on paper etiquette, to assist you in your planning.

He, or she, can guide you, first, in the selection of your invitations and announcements—from the beautiful and eloquent Crane paper—to the correct form for the wording—to an engraving style that's properly impressive.

Then, you'll want to discuss, and choose, the other papers you'll need:

Notes for writing your "thank-yous" promptly and with appreciation. . *Letters* with your new monogram or address . . . *Informals* for invitations to use as you entertain as husband and wife—and for replying to similar invitations—and for many kinds of notes . . . *Calling cards* to use in gifts, and for introductions and brief messages.

Crane papers, both the formal and the personal, are crafted for notable excellence. Their superb textures are achieved through the unchanging use of 100% rag fibers.

Plan your paper trousseau well in advance. Invitations should be mailed to arrive at least three weeks before the wedding, and engraving takes time. For the helpful booklet, "About Letters, Notes and Invitations," write (enclosing 25¢ to cover handling cost) to Crane & Co., Dalton, Massachusetts 01226.

At jewelry stores, department stores, stationery and specialty shops that feature Crane's

Geoffrey Beene for Roxanne



AT THE FINEST STORES. ROXANNE SWIMSUITS, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.

The Mark of a Man.



A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. 5.00, 8 oz. 8.00, Spray Cologne 5.00, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. 3.50, 8 oz. 6.00.

© 1969 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

An Eye...

(YOUR PLAIN OLD EYE)

Almond-shaped?



Round?



Narrow?



Half-moon?



Shallow-set?



Turned-down?



Big?



Small?



Deep-set?

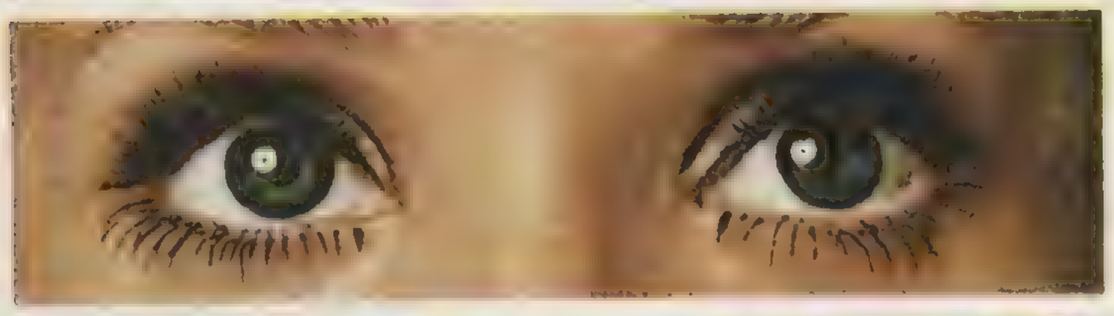


Turned-up?





Wear
Natural Medium Flutters
Or:
Standard Heavy;
Natural Triple



Wear
1-2-3
Or:
Standard Medium;
Standard Shaggy



Wear
Heavy Demi Flutters
Or:
Flared Demi;
Natural Medium Demi



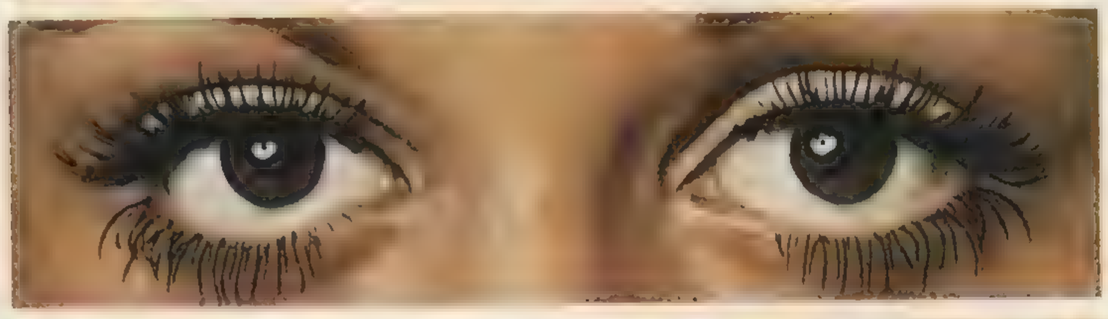
Wear
Natural Sunburst
Or:
Natural Heavy;
Standard Feathery



Wear
Sultry Fluffs
Or:
Natural Deluxe Flutters;
Glitter Lashes



Wear
Natural Heavy Flutters
Or:
Standard Sunburst;
Standard Spikey



Wear
Natural Starlite
Or:
Natural Deluxe;
Natural Shaggies

Wear
Medium Demi Flutters
Or:
Natural Medium Demi;
"Mini" Lash



Wear
Demi Starlite
Or:
Natural Fine;
Natural Heavy Demi



Wear
Demi Sunburst
Or:
Sultry Points;
Natural Spikey

...For An Eye

(THE WELL-DRESSED NEW EYE)

It could change your outlook!

Black or brown. $4.00 to $12.50 . . .
at the world's finest cosmetics counters.

Andrea

100% EUROPEAN HAIR LASHES

YOUR PERSONAL EYEDRESSER

© 1969 Andrea Raab Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®
bred only by
Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by
Banwit Teller.

From Scandinavia, health.



Strong, firm, proud, young — healthy, to put it in one word. That is how a man should look.

Looking like this is not very difficult when you live in an outdoor land like Scandinavia. But when, as with the American male, a man has to spend the better part of his life tucked away in a business office and a business suit, then it is not so easy.

But now, as an aid in the simple art of clean-living and self-regard, we present him with Kanøn.

For his face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make his face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.

For his body, to make it feel, look, maybe even act ten years younger, Body Rub, Kooler, Hand Rub, Sauna Soak.

And, for a healthy head of hair, we have everything from Rich Shampoo to Hair Spray with Protein to our new Man's Hair Color.

Then, to complete the job, all the things he is used to. Aftershaves, colognes, deodorants.

So give him Kanøn, for the care and preservation of the male body for living, loving and enjoying life to its full. kanøn

Kanøn, created by Scannon, Ltd., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden.



Jewels: Harry Winston

"KOJAH™ mink is a thrilling new fur." says Mme. Anna M. Potok of Maximilian, New York.

In fact, it is the first *new* fur to dazzle the fashion world in many years. "Kojah" is Emba® natural high-furred mink—the fur phenomenon of the Seventies.

emba®

®trademark of the world's finest mink—produced in America by the Emba Mink Breeders Association.



Adele Simpson. Little lady with big ideas.

Not only fashion, but now a fabulous fragrance.

Wear-tested over 190,000 times!

Amazing Revlon discovery makes nail enamel wear up to 3 times longer!



From the Revlon Research Laboratories comes a little miracle of a basecoat which changes the life span of nail enamel. *Tested for nearly a year* in salons from Fifth Avenue to San Francisco. Manicurists report: nail enamel stays smooth, chip-proof *up to 3 times longer*. Simply brush it on. Top it with nail enamel (preferably two coats). And your manicure lasts like no tomorrow!



'Wonder Wear' Basecoat invented by Revlon

© REVLON 1969

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



DAVID MASSEY

Space odyssey

Just because a girl is winging through the clouds on her way to a ball in Venice or an assignment in Katmandu, there is no reason for her to look less than ravishing all the way. Givenchy makes it ever so plausible with his new Grand Tour-Givenchy, a sumptuous black leather bag lovingly fitted with all five Givenchy Skin Care necessaries: the staggeringly-rich night cream, the light, thorough cleansing cream, the liquid masque, the urgently-needed liquid moisturizer, and Balancing Lotion, a matchless rinse-refreshant. The bag is lined in scarlet and has an inside zip-compartment for wallet or passport. The hardware without is brass, as is the high-ranking "G" on a leather tab.

Indian love call

On the Indian roll call, we come to Xochipilli—an Aztec god a few centuries back. Deity of song, poetry, pleasure, happiness. That's our kind of Indian, especially since he's inspired another fascination—a new fragrance, named for him, now wafting over the border from Mexico, made by Sobelle. Perfume or *loción*, Xochipilli is a mingling of woods, moss, jasmine, with the smoky sparkle of sherry wine. Comes in a blown-glass bottle, hand-made, with knob appeal, wrapped in iron latticework. Makes a marvellous present for a Señorita, or—since this fascination knows no bounds—for a Señor, to put a little snap in his sideburns. . . .

(More Ready Beauty, page 74)



S. HOWARD HIRSH recaptures
the exotic look for the Scheherazade of today.
Only crepe has this kind of sensuality.
But it takes Avisco® Fibers to give it
an elegant drape and deep, rich color.

fmc® AVISCO FIBERS

BLOOMSBURG MILLS—Crepe "Cartouche" is woven of 72% Avisco acetate/28% Avisco rayon. Wear the halter shoulder tunic top and long pleated pants as shown or the tunic alone as a dress. In navy/red/white, red/navy/white, brown/black/white. Sizes 6 to 14. About $90.
At Gimbels, New York; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Sakowitz, Houston; Broadway, Los Angeles; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVISCO FIBERS. S. HOWARD HIRSH DOES.

Christmas 1969: Aramis



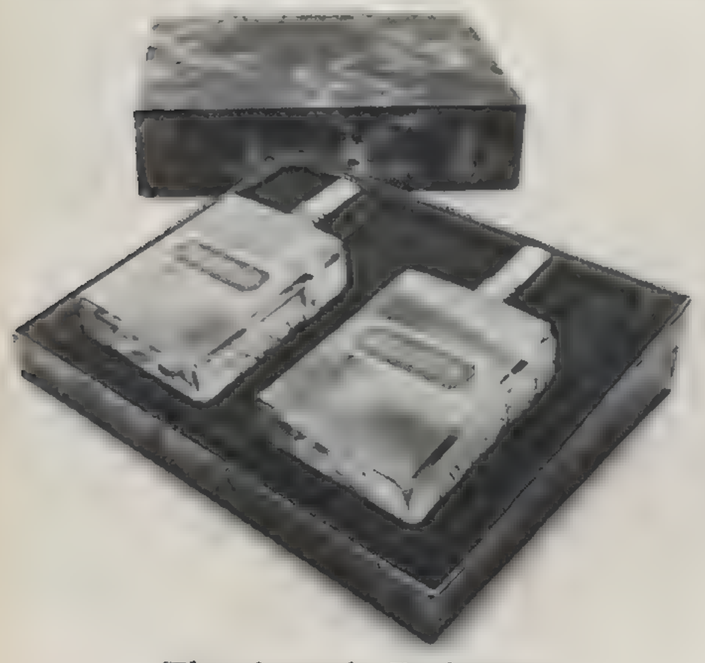
The a-r-a-m-i-s Soap Blocks $8.50



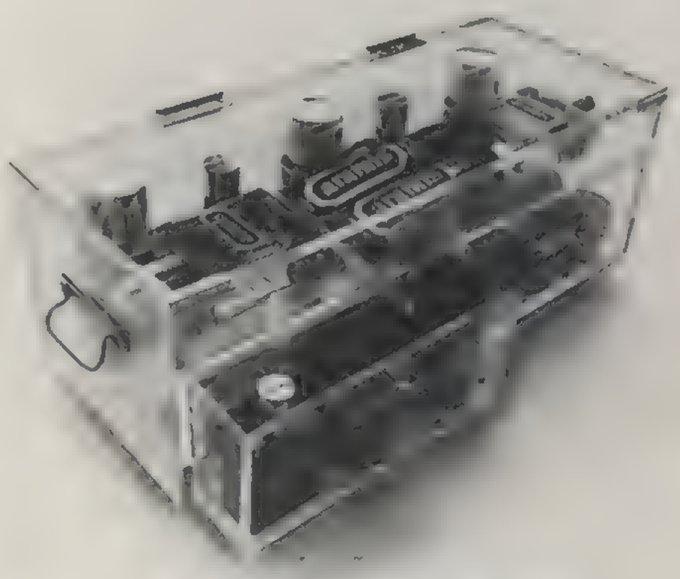
Aramis After Shave (4 oz.) $5.00



Aramis Spray Cologne $8.00



The Aramis Emissary:
Cologne and After Shave $12.50



The Aramis Master Plan:
20 Grooming Agents $100.00



The Aramis Campaigner
4 oz. Cologne and After Shave
Leather Stud Box $25.00



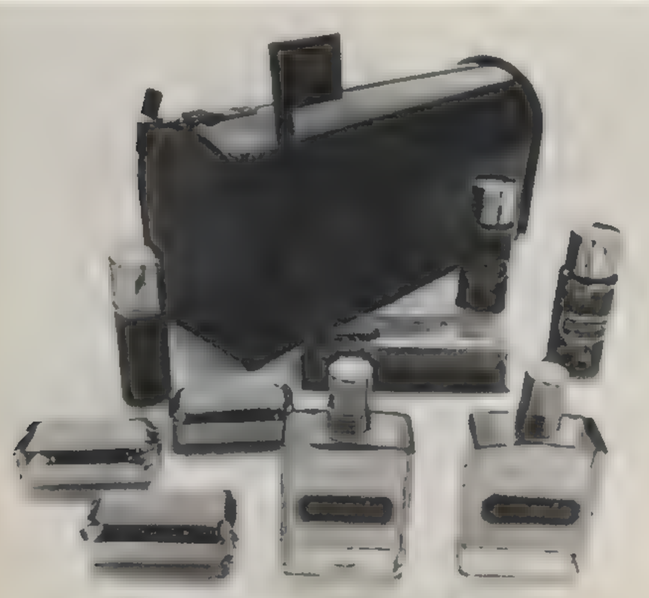
The Aramis Delegate:
After Shave and Shaving Foam $5.00



The Aramis Master Shave Kit $7.50



The Aramis Crock and Brush $18.50



The Aramis Mail Box:
7 Grooming Agents $50.00



The Aramis Brownstone:
5 oz. Cologne $10.00



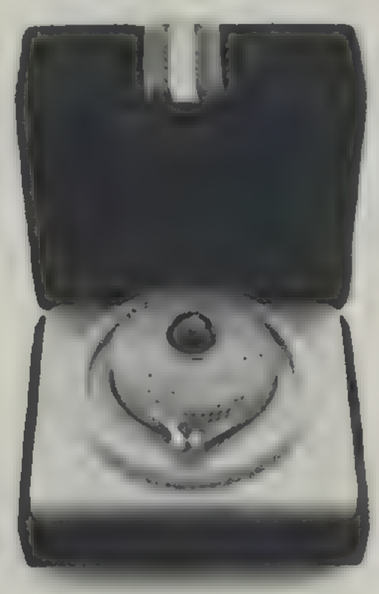
The Aramis Trip Kit:
Grooming Agents $22.50

© 1969 Aramis, Inc.

Christmas 1969: Estée Lauder



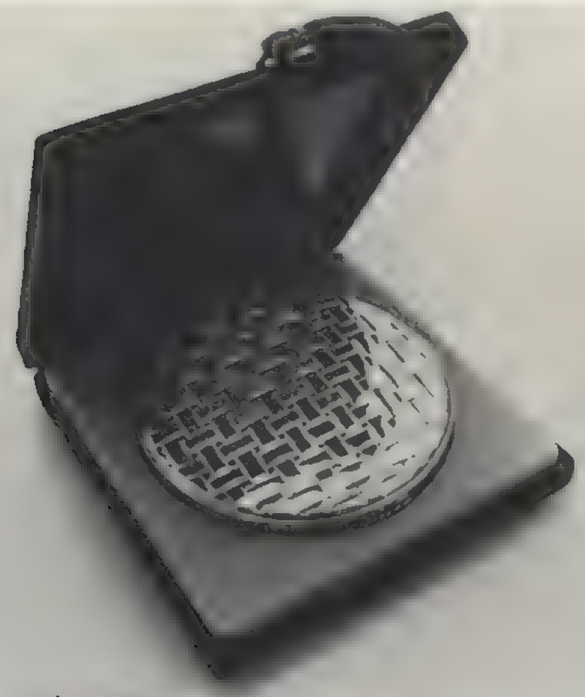
Youth-Dew Scented Candlelight $12.50
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Solid Perfume $7.50
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Boutique Spray $6.50
Estée Lauder



Big Weave Compact $15.00
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew French Purse Flacon $8.50
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Purse Treasure Set $22.50
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Fragrance Oval $5.00
Estée Lauder



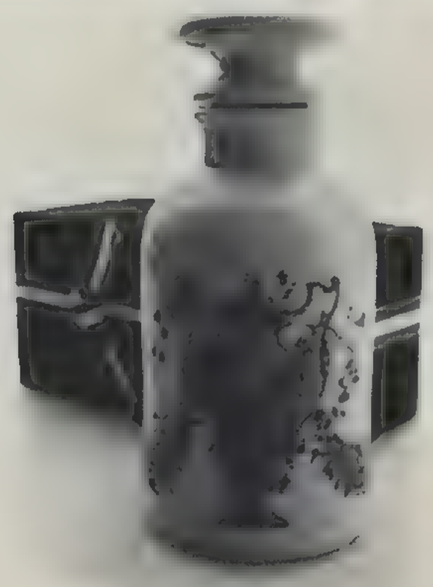
Youth-Dew Treasure Suite $10.00
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Bath Oil $7.50 to $43.00
Estée Lauder



The Midnight Sapphires $20.00
Estée Lauder

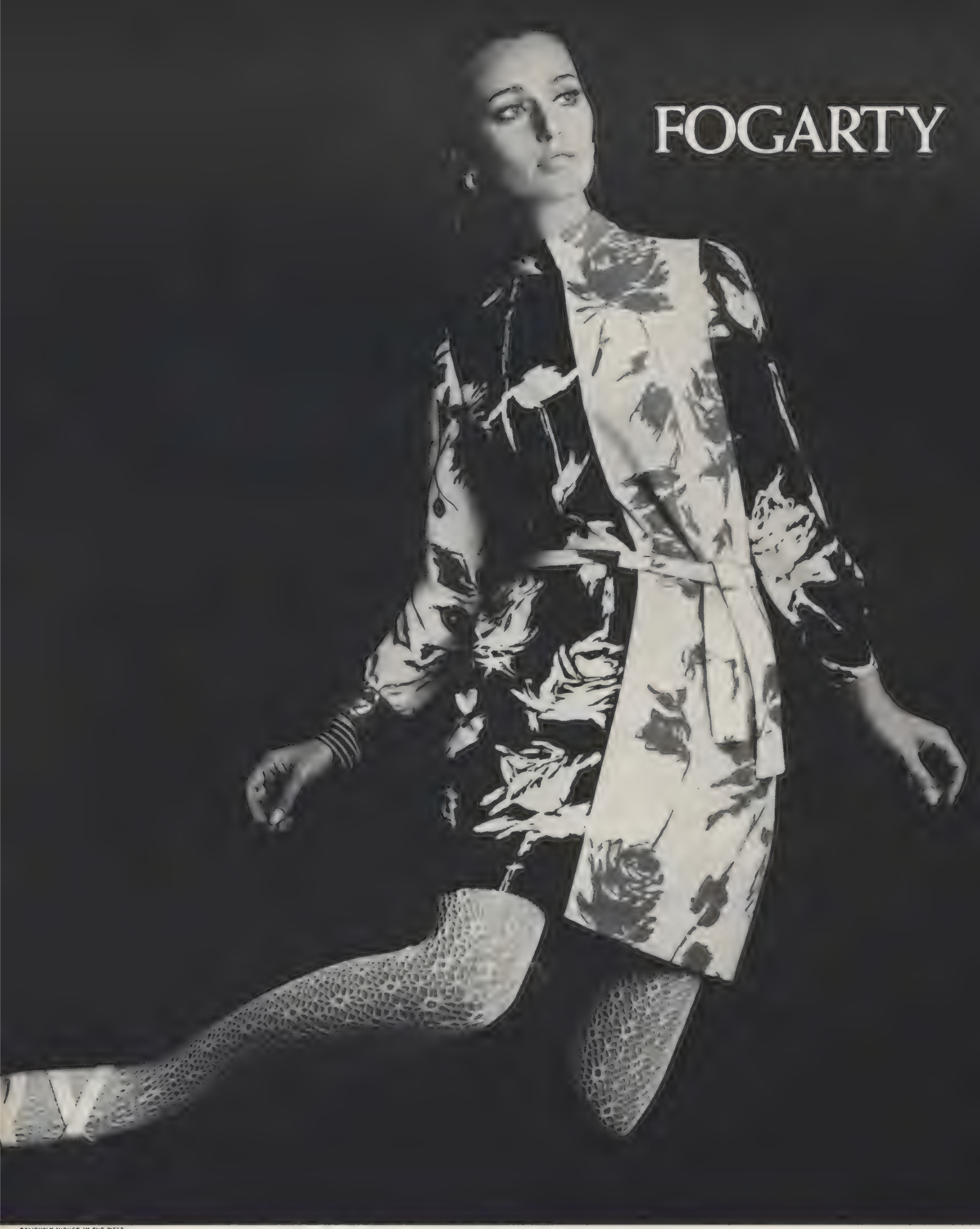


Creamy Milk Bath $15.00
Estée Lauder



Youth-Dew Fragrance Brilliants $9.00
Estée Lauder

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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

BANDURA® DRESS OF NYLON. RED, WHITE AND BLUE PRINT ONLY. 4 TO 16. $55*.

AT LORD & TAYLOR, ALL STORES. AND AT FINE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 120. ANNE FOGARTY, INC., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10018.

DOES FOGARTY



FOGARTY DOES FOGARTY IN A BAN-LON® PAJAMA OF MONSANTO "WEAR DATED" NYLON.
RED, WHITE AND BLUE PRINT ONLY. 4 TO 16. $85*.

©JOS. BANCROFT & SONS CO.

Every year, thousands of people end up skiing in the wrong place.

TWA introduces free ski consultation service.

Did you know it's as cheap to spend two weeks in the Alps as it is to spend two weeks in the Rockies?

That certain resorts in the U.S. and Europe have whole mountains set aside for little kids?

Or that some places only have the kind of slopes where a parachute is more appropriate than skis?

There are dozens of ways to go wrong. There's a sure way to go right.

Come to TWA. You'll talk with somebody who's eaten, slept, drank and schussed at practically all the major places.

And based on exactly how good a skier you are, your marital status, what you like to do after dark and how much time and money you'd care to spend, we'll recommend the place for you.



(It'll be an impartial recommendation too. Because TWA is the only airline that flies to all the major resorts in the Alps, Sierras and Rockies.)

Then, once you have the perfect place, go to your travel agent to work out the details.

Call the local TWA office. They'll put you in touch with the Ski Desk.

And for our "Ski The Big Ones" brochure that spells out complete prices for all the great resorts in Europe and America, write TWA, Dept. 380, P.O. Box 25, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

TWA

The Skier's Airline.

This year you need Sardo more than last.



It's true. Your skin just naturally gets dryer as time goes by. That's why it's never too soon to start treating your body beautifully. That's why you need Sardo to keep your skin soft and silky and fresh. No other bath oil, no detergent-type bead has Sardo's unique dry skin formula to soften rough skin and smooth away flaky dryness.

It's pure bath oil, full of skin-loving emollients that protect you against wind and sun and time. Water can't dilute Sardo... that's how rich it is. (3 out of 4 women saw and felt and loved the difference after just one Sardo bath.)

Why not treat your skin to all the benefits only Sardo can give?

D-V

Dear Sardo:
I'd love to treat my skin to a Sardo Bath.
Please send three bath-size samples of Sardo Bath Oil. Enclosed is 25¢ to cover handling.

I choose ☐ Sardo Floral (lightly tropical)
☐ Sardo Regular (north woodsy)

Sardo, P.O. Box 331, New York, N.Y. 10046

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

IMPORTANT: Zip Code must be included. Offer limited to one per family. This offer expires April 30th, 1970.

ZIGZAG

A perfume to be loved and be loved for. ZIGZAG does it all.



ZSA ZSA

© ZSA ZSA LTD 1969



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

December

5-Day Beauty Diary of one Paragon Reveller

Hark, ye Imperilled Angels. If you sense that you're not about to sail through the holidays looking like Joy to the World, if your psyche cries for instant reinforcements, hark to the New York beauty itinerary of Vogue's Paragon Reveller. In from Oklahoma for one gala December week, her evenings are packed with excitement and old friends and new friends. Her daylight hours are spent galvanizing her esprit de corps in ways that may keep on showering their benisons long after the wine is drunk, the pâté eaten, the gloves lost. . . .

Monday: Off to West 57th Street, to the airy quarters of facial therapist, **Mme. Rozsi Pogany.** Mme. Pogany was born in Hungary, trained in her art in Europe. Her main objective is to make skin look younger and prettier, and she has been going about doing just that for over thirty years. With advance notice, she can arrange an intensified program for "out-of-towners," three treatments custom-tailored to the individual skin status, spread over a week. Signed up for same, Paragon Reveller arrives for first treatment, a cleansing and toning facial, finds situation —as well as tall, personable Mme. Pogany—attractive. "One-woman operation. No hustle-bustle of staff or jangling phones. Mme. Pogany's fingertips are plump cushions. Might account for the delicate authority of her touch." Mme. Pogany classifies her skin. "Fatigued, sallow, fine lines, dry, sensitive, obviously a lack of circulation—too much indoor life, not enough exercise. You should walk in the fresh air more." One-hour treatment includes mélanges of oils of fruits and herbs, planned in consultations with Switzerland's famous Dr. Niehans and made in Paris especially for her. Rich cleanser, freshener spray, serum ampules of delicacies; massage with a warm, vibrating iron made to her specifications to give consistent heat, but no pulling or dragging that might "stretch" skin. The whole premise of her facial work is to mould and firm—never to stretch. Considers circulation and gentle work on muscles very important. She finishes with a masque, then The Eraser to smooth away dead cuticle. . . . Paragon Reveller floats out with feeling of rare facial well-being, and an appointment for skin-shedding on Wednesday. . . . Walks in the fresh air to **Kobley & Stern,** 1116 Madison Avenue, where contact lenses are a specialty. To turn her pale-blue eyes more brilliant, orders some with violet "irises" to the prescription of the ones she already wears. . . . While she's having hair conditioned and styled at **Kenneth's,** 19 East 54th Street, has legs waxed (up to knee, $10). . . .

Tuesday: Out in the fresh air again, Paragon Reveller heads for Park Avenue and a knowing pedicure, with medical attention attached. Name on door is **Dr. Irwin Schwartz,** one of those wizard podiatrists in whose deft hands feet can be painlessly transformed from drawbacks to quarterbacks. Into those hands go her feet for diagnosis, and beguiling ministrations. Calluses and corns dispatched, he trims her nails himself: "Terribly important how the nails are cut. Cutting too deep in corners or clipping nails too short can invite trouble." Then one of his well-schooled pedicurists converts toenails into flawless jewels, massages feet and legs into a state of unaccustomed euphoria. She floats out with this advice from Dr. Schwartz: For dry heels, use a non-absorbent cream, like "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Keep stockings two to three sizes larger than shoes. Heels that keep slipping up and down are irritants; so are fleece-lined boots. To revive tired feet: a contrast foot bath—hot water, cold water, back and forth ten times, always ending with cold. . . . So dangerously attractive does the Paragon Reveller feel by now that she rushes to the "Y," Lexington at 53rd Street, to look in on a class: *Judo for Self Defense.* There's always the paparazzi. . . . (Continued on page 108)



These stores sell the only thing she's wearing:

Akron, Ohio ..... O'Neil's
Allentown, Pa. ..... Hess's
Atlanta, Georgia ..... Davison's
Atlanta, Georgia ..... Rich's
Baltimore, Md. ..... The Hecht Co.
Birmingham, Ala. ..... Pizitz
Boston, Mass. ..... Filene's
Boston, Mass. ..... Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, New York ..... Wm. Hengerer
Charleston, W. Va. ..... The Diamond Dept. Store
Chicago, Illinois ..... Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio ..... Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio ..... Higbee's
Columbus, Ohio ..... Lazarus
Dallas, Texas ..... Sanger Harris
Dayton, Ohio ..... Rike's
Denver, Colo. ..... May-D & F
Des Moines, Iowa ..... Younker's
Detroit, Mich. ..... Hudson's
Erie, Pa. ..... Erie Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. ..... Jordan Marsh
Grand Rapids, Mich. ..... Wurzburg's
Harrisburg, Pa. ..... Mary Sachs, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. ..... G. Fox
Honolulu, Hawaii ..... Liberty House
Houston, Texas ..... Foley's
Indianapolis, Indiana ..... L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Missouri ..... Macy's
Knoxville, Tenn. ..... Miller's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif. ..... The Broadway
Los Angeles, Calif. ..... Bullock's
Long Beach, Calif. ..... Buffums'
Louisville, Kentucky ..... Stewart Dry Goods
Memphis, Tenn., B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
Miami, Florida ..... Burdine's
Miami, Florida ..... Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wisc. ..... Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn. ..... Dayton's
Nashville, Tennessee ..... Cain-Sloan
New Haven, Conn. ..... Edw. Malley Co.
New Orleans, Louisiana ..... D. H. Holmes
New York, New York ..... Abraham & Straus
New York, New York ..... B. Altman's
Oakland, Calif. ..... H. C. Capwell Co.
Omaha, Nebraska ..... J. L. Brandeis
Orlando, Florida ..... Jordan Marsh, Orlando
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Wanamaker's
Phoenix, Arizona ..... Diamond's
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... Joseph Horne
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon ..... Meier & Frank
Rochester, New York ..... B. Forman
San Antonio, Texas ..... Joske's
San Diego, Calif. ..... The Broadway
San Francisco, Calif. ..... The Emporium
Sarasota, Florida ..... Maas Brothers
Scranton, Pa. ..... The Globe Store
Scottsdale, Arizona ..... Jennifer's
Seattle, Washington ..... Bon Marche
Seattle, Washington ..... Frederick & Nelson
Springfield, Mass. ..... Albert Steiger, Inc.
St. Louis, Missouri ..... Famous-Barr
St. Louis, Missouri ..... Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Florida ..... Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio ..... Lamson Bros. Co.
Topeka, Kansas ..... Macy's
Washington, D.C. ..... The Hecht Co.
Youngstown, Ohio ..... Strouss Hirshberg's

...and other fine department stores
or write
Reid-Meredith Inc.
270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
Makers of modacrylic fiber wigs.

Photograph by Richard Avedon

THE ONLY THING SHE'S WEARING IS WHAT WE'RE SELLING.

You're looking at it but you can't see it. At 100 to 175 dollars, you shouldn't. Reid-Meredith, makers of modacrylic fiber wigs.
If you know it's a wig, it's not a **Reid-Meredith.**

Reid-Meredith, Inc., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

The most expensive watches in the world are at Cartier in time for Christmas.
Hand-crafted masterpieces created at the atelier of Audemars Piguet.
Many are exclusively ours.
One may be yours.
If you're very, very good.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022
Palm Beach/Chicago

AUDEMARS
PIGUET



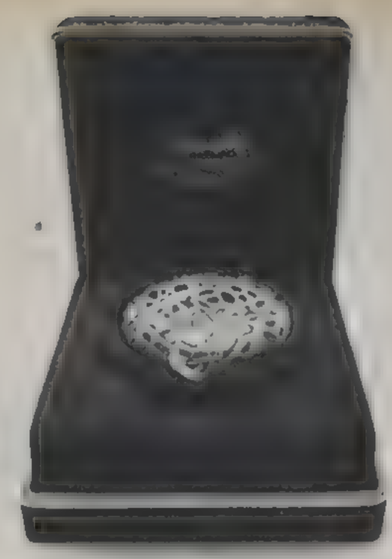
Essence de Chantilly
Dusting Powder, Spray Mist,
Spray Perfume Pursette.
$16.50



Essence de Chantilly
Parfum de Toilette
Spray Mist (refillable).
$6.00



Chantilly Dusting Powder,
Eau de Toilette Spray Mist.
$6.50



Chantilly
Solid Perfume Compact.
$5.00



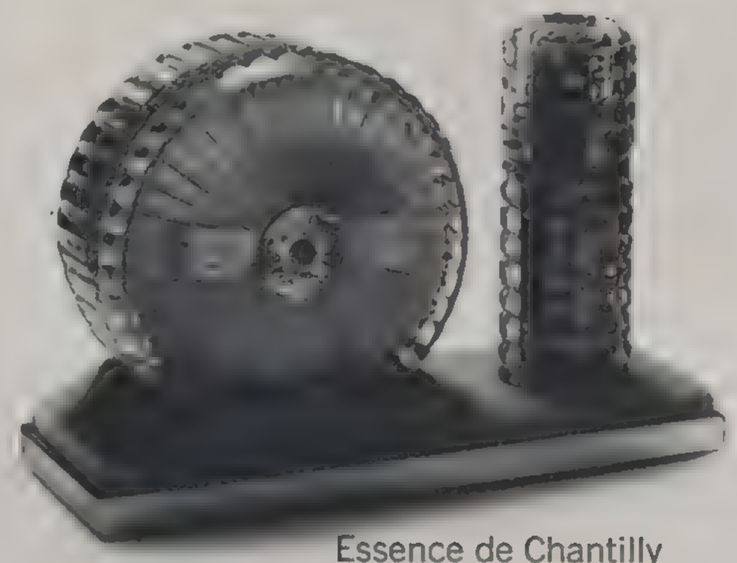
Chantilly
Eau de Toilette
Pure Spray.
$5.00



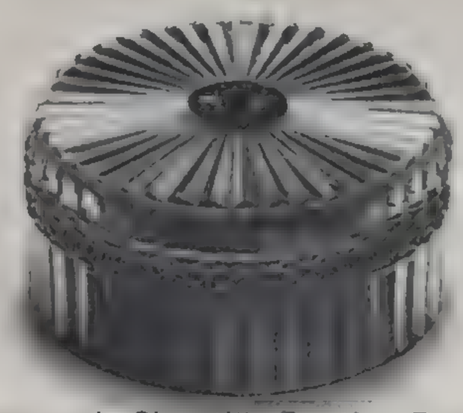
Creme de Chantilly with dispenser.
$6.50



Chantilly
Spray Perfume
Pursette.
$6.00



Essence de Chantilly
Dusting Powder, Spray Mist.
$11.00



Essence de Chantilly Dusting Powder
with lamb's wool puff. $5.00



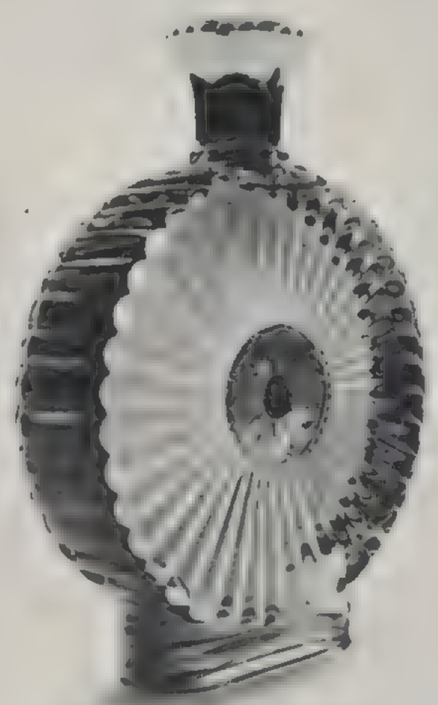
Essence de Chantilly
Dusting Powder, Parfum de Toilette.
$11.00



The Chantilly Trio:
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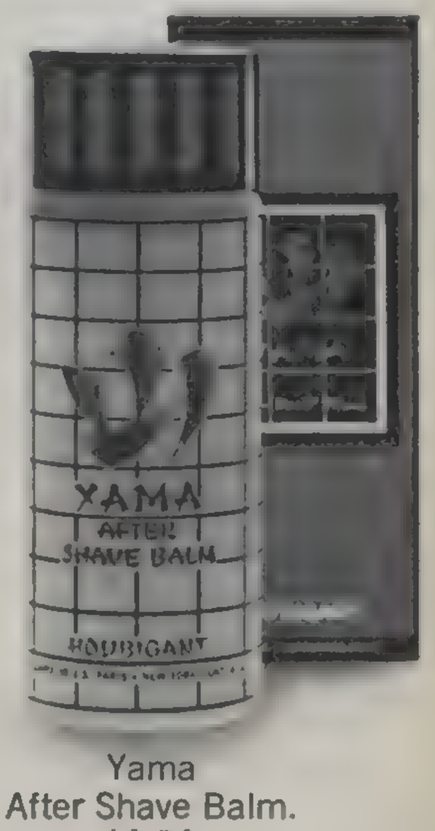
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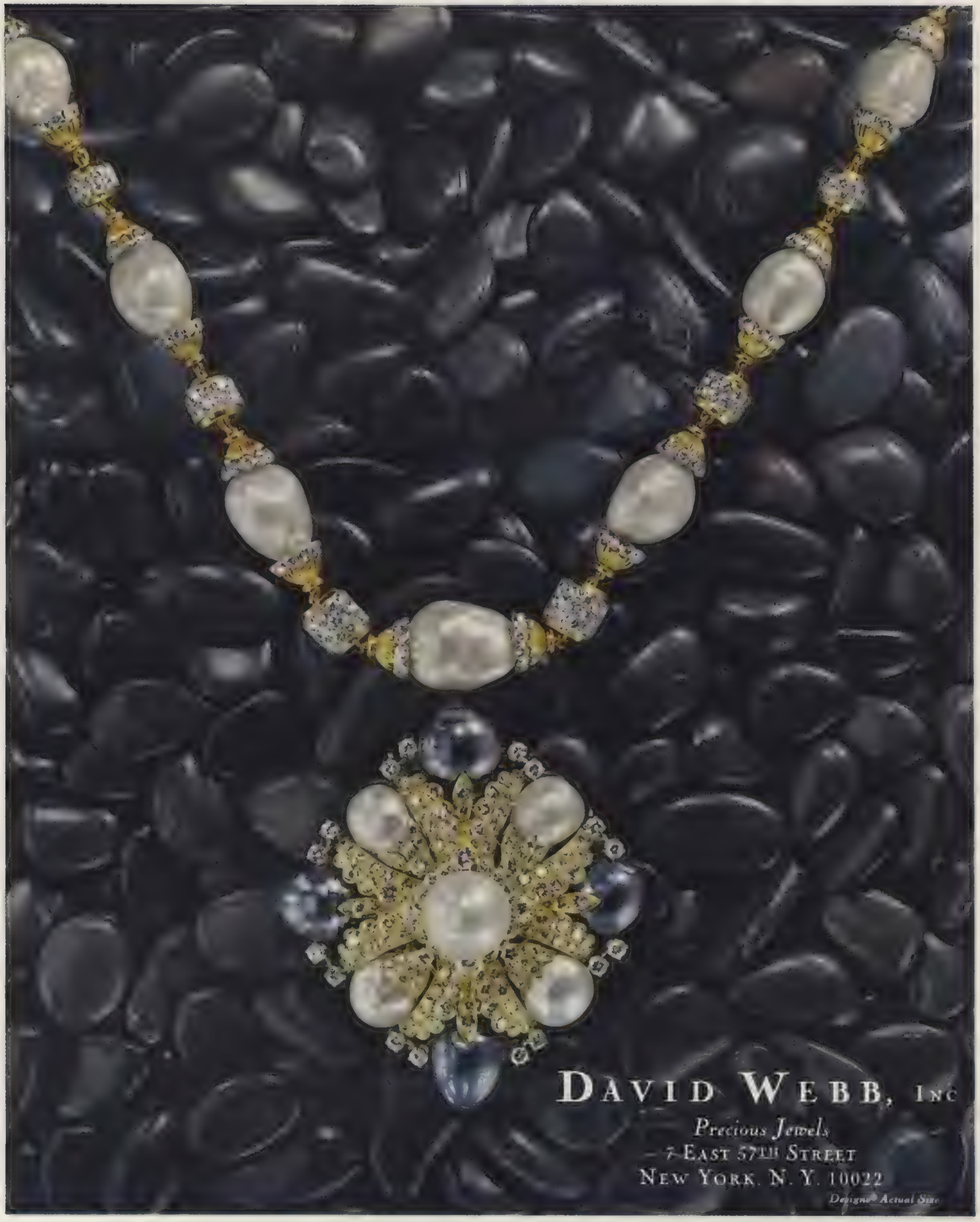
Blue-white-yellow. Fragile as an iris
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If you know,
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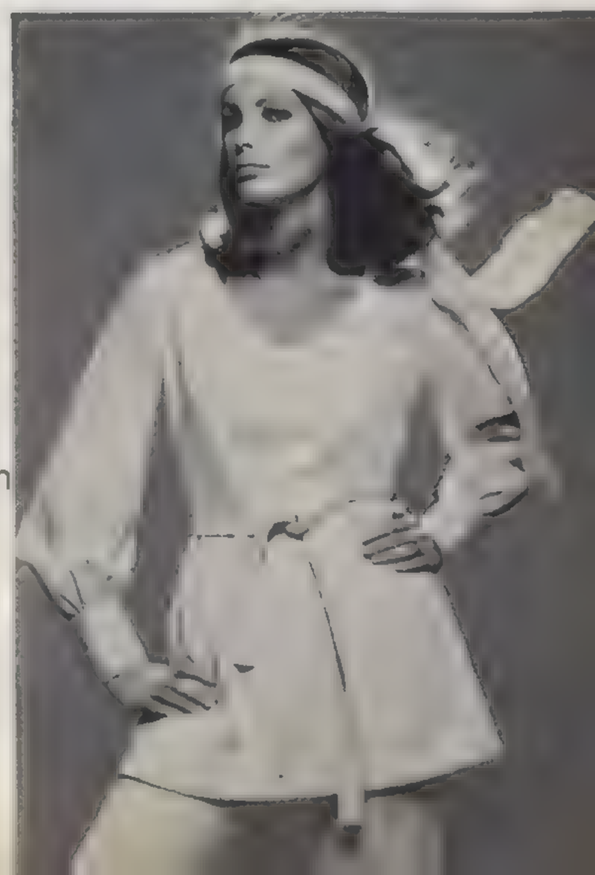


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DAVID MASSEY

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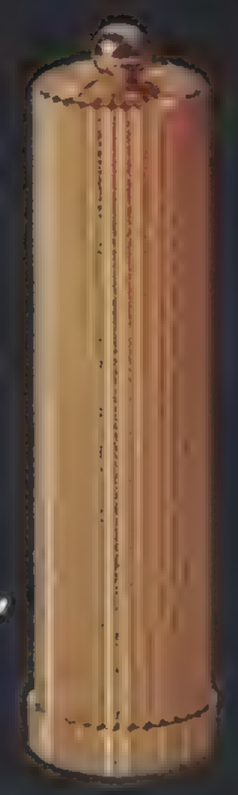
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...the fragrance that all men love



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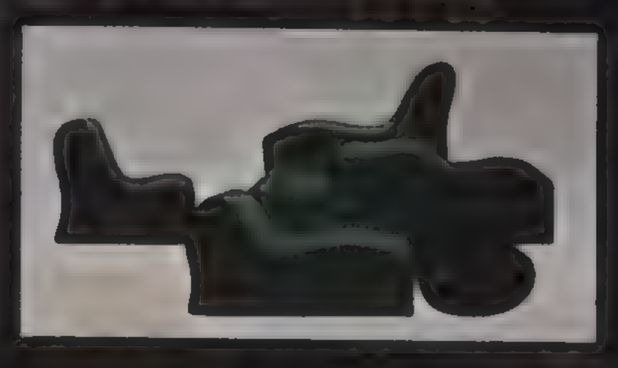
by Evyan



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Flowing Velvet
by Jacqueline Cochran



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CAN'T EAT POLITICS... CAN'T EAT ART

By Ned Rorem

Artists and intellectuals must deal with politics only insofar as it is necessary to put up a defense against politics.—Chekhov

Tantrums of the avant-garde no longer need the mass publicity they've earned. The point has been proved, their rights have been granted, their revolution is won—like it or not. Many artists do not like it: their work's over, so their work must begin. Finally free, they still seemed caged by bromides, for freedom and art are not synonymous.

The consumer-oppressor has paid the rebel's ransom, receiving little in return beyond amateur admonitions that we are all artists. He finds himself literally with his pants down. How, with current encouragement Against Interpretation, must he take this? By merely reacting, never questioning? If everyone's an artist, then no one's an artist.

As we should love our neighbour without having to like him, so critics are duty-bound to promote the New without having to enjoy it. No critic but a composer, I need not practise this preaching. I often betray but never defend my music; it must defend itself. Nor is it my responsibility to be knowledgeable or even interested in Where It's At. Artists are allowed intolerance of each other along with the world, as demonstrated both by myself and by the young. My intolerance grows compassionate at seeing youth's pat dismissal of the past; destruction of the traditional is tradition. But youth grows disdainful of my contemporaries like Lukas Foss or Julian Beck—iconoclasm is unbecoming to the middle-aged. How can they keep up with every trend and still work with coherence, let alone dignity?

"What do you think of modern painting?" Gertrude Stein's famous reply, "I like to look at it," did not answer the question. She offered reaction rather than opinion. With her as ally I reply, regarding certain modern music: I hate to hear it.

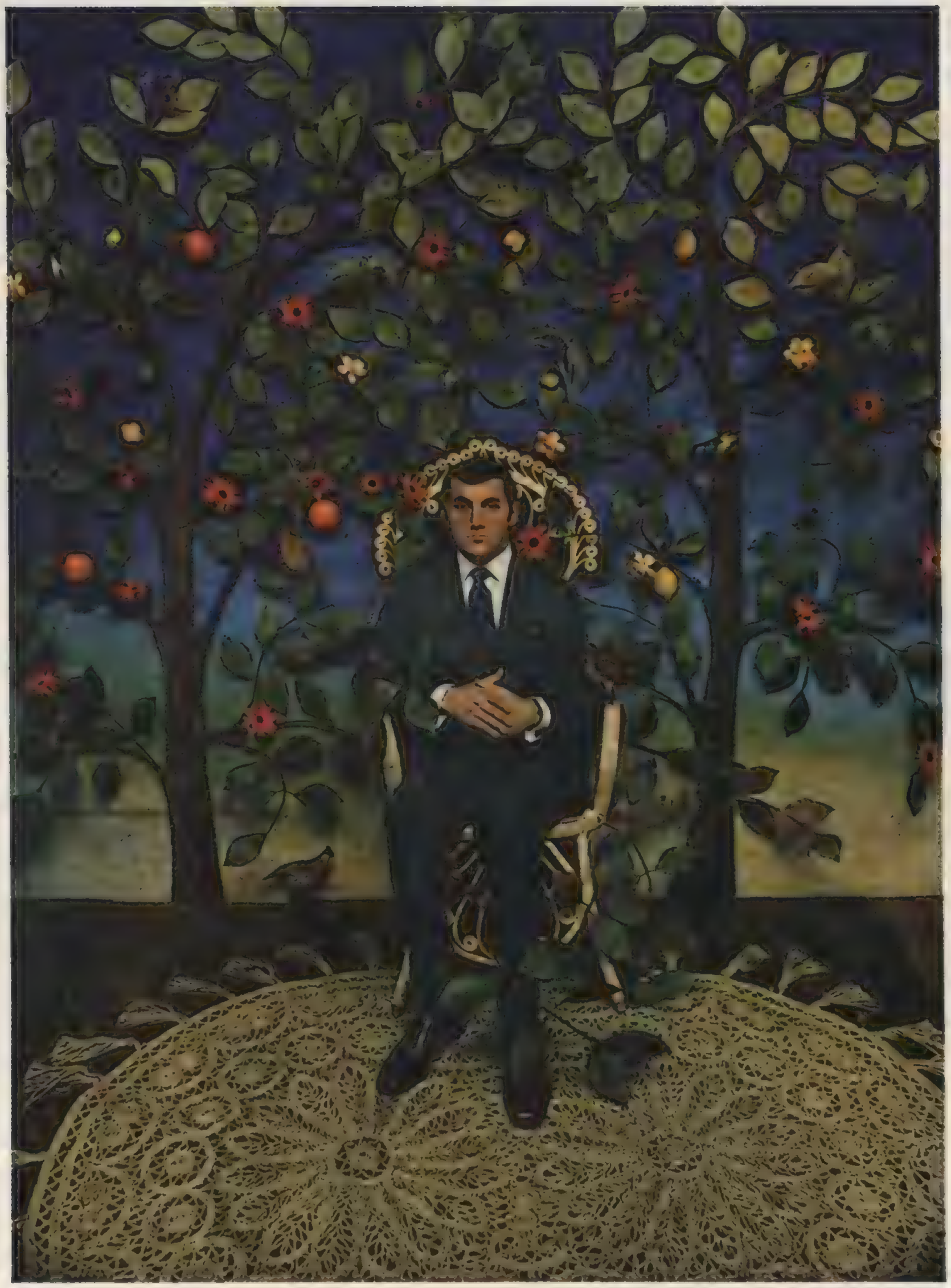
What modern music? Differentiation seems no longer necessary—music is music. If once the world was balanced between church and state, today sacred and profane are one, as are classical and pop. In most of it the time-honoured balance between reflection and antidote is uneven; art as society's mirror shimmers like Narcissus's pool wherein the Music Establishment is drowning without crying help.

That Establishment, so far as "serious" music is concerned, is maintained in our larger universities through foundation funds granted largely by academic colleagues. Musical art and academic concerns are, if not antithetical, no more synonymous than music and freedom, as may be seen in the advancing number of young and not-so-young composers whose need to vent genuine concerns is not counterbalanced by talent. Intellectual conviction is confused with expression, sound with sense. Commitment alone does not make music, unless music changes definition. Yet the *fact* of commitment is persuasive, at least enough to cause both paid reviewer and small paying public hesitation before disdaining the evermore predictably disorganized insults flung their way.

Most of these words apply to pop as well, except that the pub-

(Continued on page 100)


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Monsieur Rochas is a new concept in men's cologne and after shave.
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Because that's no way for a man to smell.

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Monsieur Rochas is meant to reflect the man who wears it. Not compete with him.

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Can't Eat Politics

(Continued from page 92)

lic is large. If in the university music emotion has been replaced with protest, students are not protesting these protests. Not that students find such protests irrelevant, they just don't find them—or rather, don't hear them over the thunderous sound of their rock.

To criticize a genre is specious, of course: one must determine only how well a work succeeds within a given genre, on its own terms. But inasmuch as any of this music aims at extramusical goals, it grows useless.

Still, as Wilde said, art is absolutely useless anyway. You can't eat it. You can't eat politics either. Some music *does* seem to be self-generating as well as beautiful. If kids today don't care about Art with a big A so much as events, it's another way of saying their art is nourishing. Works of art thus paradoxically become ornamental necessities or, like certain women, necessary luxuries.

That sentiment smacks of aristocracy. Risking the guillotine, I hold to it. Art has never been just anyone's property while retaining its property as art. The past four years have spawned ever fewer genuine works in any form; this, I feel, is due to the direct alliance of art with the New Left. If the state of body and soul appears better for it, the state of music as a lasting social contribution is worse.

Art and politics in America have never until recently been closely related. Not that artists lived in ivory towers, but their involvement was extracurricular. Even during the ironically stimulating Depression, the WPA made only nominal friends of politics and art. Nor did the war engender political American arts, perhaps because it did not physically concern us much. Nevertheless, by cutting us off from the cultural dugs of Europe it did wean us into an autonomous adolescence with new imagination added to old brute force. The imagination cultivated fantasy and reflection, dealing with crisis as nostalgia rather than as immediacy. But the youthful breed of novelist, composer, and playwright, spilled forth oceans of now-classic masterworks.

The period thrived less than a decade. The young breed grew up. Their replacements were born in the bomb's shadow which darkened all urge for the big A. Their elders labelled them the Apathetic Generation, though in fact the Beatniks were driven with an urgency for natural emancipation. Their decade of the 1950's saw music's decline as a fine art, despite the rise of such distinguished craftsmen as Boulez. Nobody but his colleagues cared much. How could people *enjoy* Boulez's complexities when John Cage's fun was guaranteed culture, as was the simplistic gorgeousness of Elvis Presley who began to be sanctioned by the intelligentsia? The intelligentsia spokesmen have now replaced fiction with criticism which blessed both the big A and what they called Pop. As escape from such critical reading one listened to the Whitmanesque chants of Allen Ginsberg against backgrounds of a soon-to-be-outmoded form: jazz.

The Kennedys conjoined art with the political scene. However, government acceptance of artists—mostly famous performers—was less official (read financial) than social, as exemplified by invitations from Jacqueline Kennedy.

Elsewhere emerged the Hippies, gentle offspring of the Beatniks—themselves heirs of Bohemia—whose art work, like their play (indeed, the two were one), was communal, thus political. This art was manifest in general by "new" mixed media and in particular by rock groups. Some inaudible signal, some psychedelic flare, caused the five invisible jars that once contained our separate senses to overflow into each other with such orderly confusion that we now heard velvet, saw sound, tasted purple, sniffed C-major, not to mention caressing sorrow and listening to the hues of terror. Yet the artful mixing of media for purposes of collective ecstasy predates the Catholic Mass. The originality of the best rock lay not in its presumed experimentation—what

(Continued on page 102)

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Can't Eat Politics

(Continued from page 100)

was called its *sound*—but precisely in its reversion to simplicity as antidote to the "modern" music of concert halls which people were still afraid to admit they hated. Like most great art, the best rock was amalgamated and quite unoriginal in style.

Rock's first function was to inspire again the visceral response of song and dance after the apathetic decade of head-in-hands listening to cool jazz or serial cerebrality. Its later function, with Lyndon Johnson's advent, was to speak out, to tell it like it is. In this guise it became *the* art of our time, addressing itself to, and being accepted by, every social layer including classical composers trying to keep up.

Like the beaten to death Living Theater, mixed mediators compare their arbitrary results with the calculated formality proceeding from professional creativity. In true revolutionary spirit, they seek to supplant the latter with the former, coexistence being alien to the anarchistic modes that amateurs invariably adopt when moving in. Certain delusions were essential for the elevation of mixed-media happenings to pretentious levels, one being the notion that group therapy can be Art. Another delusion, that mixed media was Revolutionary, therefore new, can be attributed to ignorance. But the grand delusion was that mixed media would, by sheer magnetic charm, destroy the performer-audience format forever.

The first delusion stems from the premise that any self-expression can be Art. This is definition by no definition; it can as easily be shown that no self-expression is Art. Such a non-relative approach renders sensible discussion extinct. The second delusion forgets Barnum & Bailey, Dada, Scriabin, soundtracks (to keep merely within the last fourscore years). The third delusion ignores the diversity of human nature; some people still thrive on Vivaldi. Mixed media has merely acquired status.

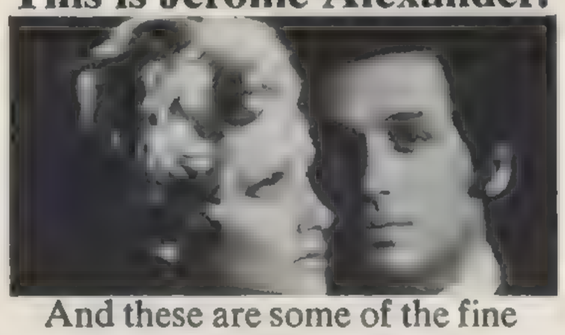
Anxiety-stricken concert managers quickly point out that mixed-media groups sell and song recitals don't. Big company recording executives quickly point out that Tchaikovsky sells and Ned Rorem doesn't. Having just recorded the former's Piano Concerto for the ninety-third time in fifteen years, they too are anxiety-stricken, feeling that the reason the public buys one is because it doesn't buy the other (a holdover from the one-car-family days when you bought one or the other, never both). The fact is, both managers and recording executives have been coasting on the tried and true for decades and have now reached the bottom of the hill. Who blames passengers for getting off? Since easy money has neither imagination nor responsibility, sooner or later a dead end is reached. But not before a try at cashing in on the *à la mode*.

For instance, Columbia Records, which can afford to take chances but says it can't, now promotes contemporary music—though only of the far-out (read In) variety—advertising Boulez with the same crass hard-sell that Braniff uses for Andy Warhol. Such music is thus stamped with the Establishment seal, so the difficult becomes safe. Small companies like Desto, which can not afford to take chances but do so anyway, are the only ones to record music of the so-called conservative (read tuneful) variety. Such music is thus necessarily adventurous, so simplicity becomes dangerous. If simplicity in "serious" music is eschewed by the avant-garde establishment, it is nonetheless the key to the best of our "avant-garde" rock, which is all that seems to matter anymore. But the best is ever rarer.

Like the jaded lover, the jaded music-fancier is one who has too often been forced to react in mediocre situations. At least once a day some friend exclaims, "Now hear *this*," as he puts on the first (and often last) platter by the "Swinging Doors" or the "Conniption Fit." Memory is a curse when revealing that this week's totally different beat, sound, or volume distortion is merely the same old beat, sound, or volume distortion we begged the cab driver to turn off last week. The listener is jaded be-

(Continued on page 113)

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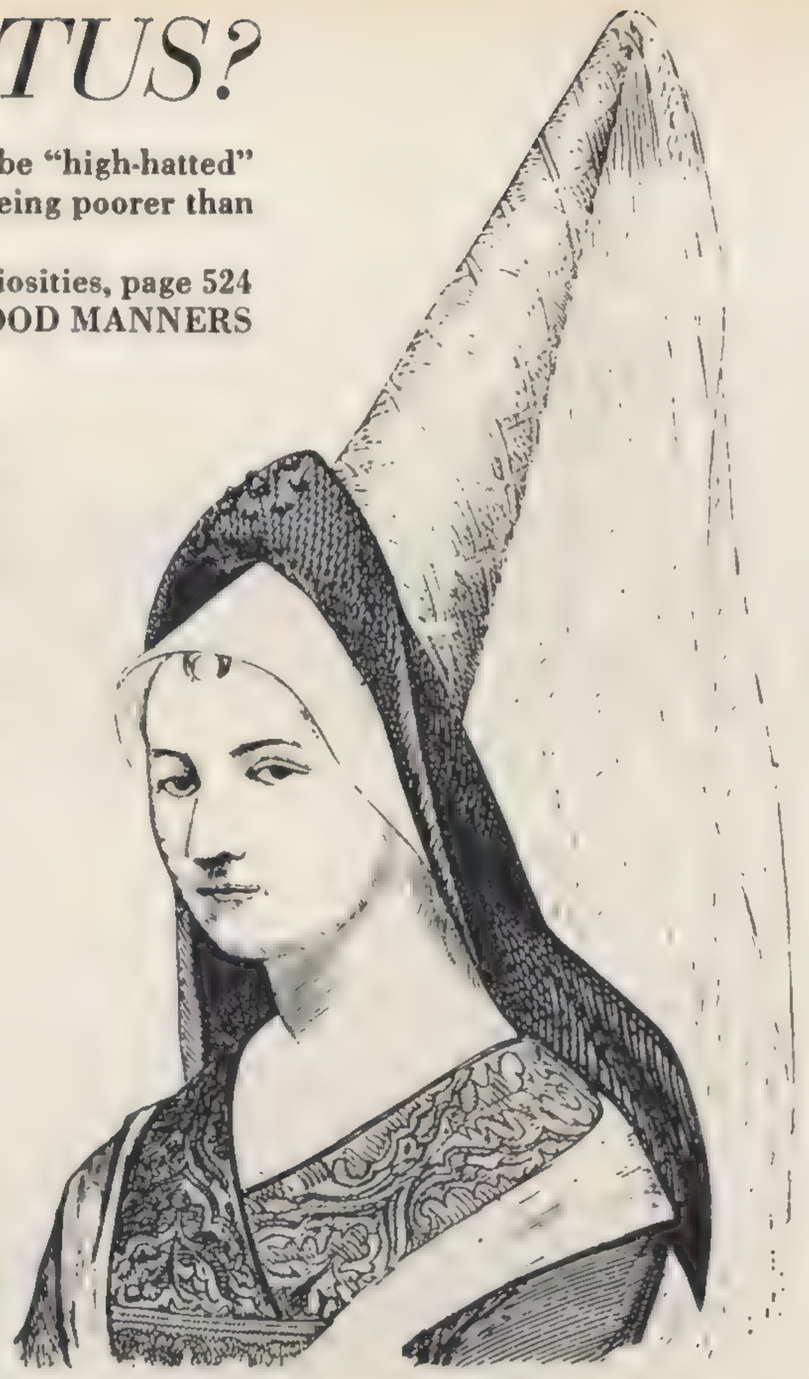
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From Customs & Curiosities, page 524
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

5-day beauty diary—Wednesday: Paragon Reveller returns to the calm bower of **Rozsi Pogany** for step 2 in her facial cram course, is once more thrilled by the quiet authority with which Mme. Pogany comes to grips with her face. What some people call "peeling," Mme. Pogany prefers to describe as "skin shedding." After skin is cleansed and patted dry, serum oil gets pressed onto face and neck to loosen outer layer of skin. Onto this goes the actual "peeler," an emulsion abrasive with leafy herbs. This is scrubbed with a circular motion until it all comes off, seemingly carrying with it a host of mild lines and superficial etchings. Face sprayed clean, nourished with Mme. Pogany's delectable serums, she takes it out into the open wearing nothing but moisturizer, lipstick, and eye colour, plans to go back on Friday for her finishing touches. . . . Next destination: The Wig Shop at **Bergdorf Goodman,** with a hairpiece that needs advice. Which it gets from the amazingly helpful young wig experts in Carolyn Vicarri's crew, who have made the shop's charms famous. Picks up there a Bigi Bead Elastic ($10) to hold her bun. Makes note of Wig Clinic sessions coming up next month, where she can bone up on the care and training of her hairpieces.

Thursday: To the exhilarating exercise studios of **Nicholas Kounovsky,** 25 West 56th Street, for a test evaluation and exercises to take home with her ($15). Also takes home Kounovsky's Nakbelles, new-design pastel dumbbells, so pleasant in appearance that women keep them on their desks for paperweights, pick them up for posture exercise while they're on the phone; and Nakmat, a thick exercise mat that can double as a pouff or a footrest. . . . Drops by **Hammacher Schlemmer** for a Walton Humidifier to keep winter heat from withering her skin, leather book bindings, potted plants. Fuelled with tap-water, it draws in dry air, moistens it, blows it out again. Table model, $60. . . . And a Turbo-Jet to whirl and churn bathwater for at-home hydrotherapy, $200. . . . That evening a makeup artist summoned from **John Richardson,** 320 East 52nd St., comes to her hotel to do her face for the gala. Price of this comfort is $30, half of which is for the "natural-ingredient" Eden cosmetics that he leaves for her to use throughout the season. . . .

Friday: Unfazing face: step 3. Final facial polishing at **Rozsi Pogany.** Top skin having been previously dispensed with, Mme. Pogany's cleansing blandishments this time go deeper. "I not only saw, I actually felt something great had happened to me," said Paragon Reveller, revelling in her new face to such an extent that she exhorts friends to "touch it." . . . Then to a bank that sick fingernails can bank on, **Saks Fifth Avenue Beauty Salon,** where Yvonne Sergent, an enormously skillful nail specialist, keeps a bank of fingernail snippets that her famous clients collect for her, transplants them to nails in need. $7 for nail treatment, plus $5 each transplant. . . . Stops at **B. Altman** for a Lady Norelco Mini-Sauna to keep her face, even when travelling, in the pristine condition it now enjoys. It's a facial sauna you hold in hand, releases a cloud of cleansing, refreshing steam for seven to ten minutes. About $15. . . . And Clairol's new Dream Machine, a kinetic light-box devised by kinetic sculptor Nicolas Schoffer, which, plugged in anywhere, provides a non-stop light show in rich, extraordinary colours, shifting kaleidoscope patterns. Its visual delights energize the weary, tranquillize the tense, $75. . . . By this time, Paragon Reveller is pretty much all set for the revelry. But just in case anything goes wrong, she looks in at **Aphrodisia,** new herb and spice emporium, 28 Carmine St., Greenwich Village, where from barrels that reek with intrigue almost any malaise might, presumably, be remedied. "Eyebright" herb rinses an eye dimmed by lightworks and night life. Eucalyptus leaves and flax seed in a vaporizer treat an untimely cold. Powdered cola nuts provide a little general stimulation. And a bit of burdock root, simmering in tea, reportedly seethes with aphrodisiac properties—properties any Paragon Reveller would not want to be without.

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Here are some of the fine stores that carry The Sea Dream® Collection:

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Grand Rapids, Michigan
—Wurzburg Co.
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-Straus Co.
Madison, Wisc.—Harry S.
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Mass. & R.I.—Cherry & Webb
Memphis, Tenn.—Lowenstein's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's
New York—Bloomingdale's & Branches
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Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
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Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock's
San Diego, Calif.—Walker-Scott Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Tallahassee, Fla.—Mendleson's
Dept. Store

Can't Eat Politics

(Continued from page 102)

cause his ears are literally, *medically*, in trouble.

My first article on the Beatles resulted from an appreciation for their quality. Quality was their originality and, as always, quality transcended genre. Since the appearance of that article certain editors consider me a Pop Authority. But that "scene" only interested me during the brief moment when it contained *the pleasure of quality*. Until such a moment comes again I'll bide my time, as during the arid era between Billie Holiday and the Beatles.

It is no accident that the emergence of professional criticism as the preeminent literary form coincided with the rise of amateurism in the other arts. Both are parasitic. Just as current criticism feeds on the work of others even by denying that work, so current amateurism feeds off the past even by denying the past—a denial which becomes an end in itself. The cause of this dual rise (descent, really) is, of course, the worsening world situation. This situation has advanced scientific investigation, for better or worse, and the concomitant displacement of artists by scientists who are now possibly our best "creative" minds. A resolution to the sad Viet Nam adventure may herald a renaissance as fructuous as the one after World War II. But we will no longer be adolescents.

Art is both mirror and antidote. It reflects the surroundings, then renders them bearable. The rendering is not through sugar-coating nor other distortions, but through objectification. No matter how conventional or experimental the artist's language, his voice will be heard as timely without his consciously trying. The fashionable slogan "Medium as Message" can not be translated by "Art as Politics." Art *does* reflect politics, but can not *be* politics any more than oil can be water. When the two merge, as in Stalinist Russia or in America today, the result is merely propaganda. Sooner or later the *arrière-garde* comes up and bangs the *avant*. The New, when you scrape off top soil, is as traditional as good manners used to be. And any work of art that lasts is built with discipline.

Discipline and manners for the moment are not even memories. Will they soon be rediscovered and ironically form the basics of another aristocracy which in turn will be called the *avant-garde?*

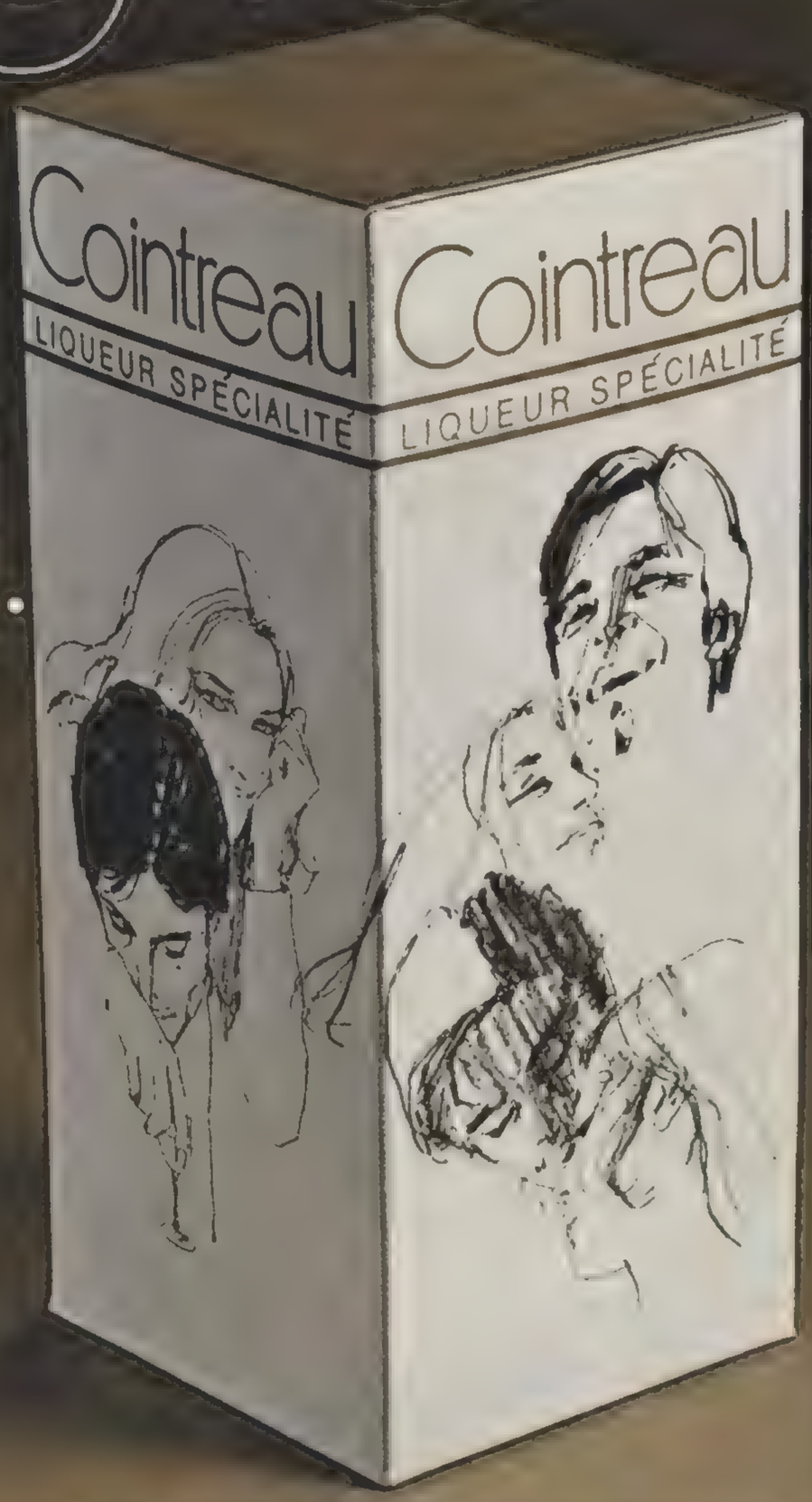
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CHANEL ALWAYS NOW

BY SIR FRANCIS ROSE

It was in a curious atmosphere in Nice, a combination of sheer fantasy of the sordid, an image of poetic lust, of hard work and important artistic achievements, that I first saw Chanel when I was fifteen. She had come to lunch with Jean Cocteau, and I was asked to join their table. My first impression of her was that she looked like a slim youth. Then when she moved she gave me the feeling of looking at an Impressionist painting of a small dark boat, on water of an indefinite colour, with bright red-and-white striped sails.

"Chanel takes silly American women and convinces them they look French."

MARIE HARRIMAN, 1930's

Chanel was not pretty but small and fascinating; something like the idea of the Cleopatra that Caesar loved. Her charm and her manners created beauty. She was quite different from other women of her period, far more fashionable than the fashions of the time as she had a kind of slick elegance, which later was copied by New York women, making them all slick and elegant in a business-like way.

"I am only able to paint women in Chanel dresses."

VAN DONGEN

In the 1920's Coco Chanel, with her flat figure and great-smallness, was the avant-garde of the woman of the 1960's. A woman who, at all costs, must reveal, even if she has to wear a uniform, a certain amount of contemporary good taste rather than feminine allure.

Chanel had beautiful taste and brought Cocteau fine presents. She gave him a fragile archaic Greek faïence mask, which she brought to the Welcome Hotel lying in a miniature wooden crate lined with a nest of sawdust. Cocteau kept it in this case forever after. She also gave him some ancient Greek coins placed on cotton wool in a small white tortoiseshell, and a long, thin, and very flexible platinum snake chain on which he hung his keys and which he would twist round his neck several times before it hung heavily down to a pocket in his trousers.

Chanel was the first tough businesswoman that I had seen. Now I realize she was the goddess of mentally masculine-inclined women and a woman with romances reminiscent of the early 1900's. Chanel had a great appetite for luxury, fine furniture, and Rothschildean décor, which would have pleased the generation of Boni de Castellane more than it did that of her very contemporary friends. But as she covered all her *haute époque* chairs with beige-grey satin and her walls with pale *boiseries*, and scattered large square sofas over her floors of fitted-carpet drawing rooms, this rather *demodé* taste in the 'twenties passed unchallenged.

"Chanel seems to be a huge sheet of beige clouds."

CHILI GUEVARA

In the 'twenties the fashion magazines were still full of drawings inspired from pre-1914 Paris, under the influence of Paul Poiret and the Bakst Russian Ballet tradition. The clients of these magazines were still the palely-powdered women in their forties who clung to pre-First World War traditions.

Chanel destroyed this. She created, with a sharp eye for taste, expensive, very expensive, clothes which should have been made for the boyish little girls of the working class to be seen in the streets, still hidden under wartime clothing. Chanel's dresses were suitable for buses and aeroplanes.

What was so wonderful about Chanel's clothes was that she made them look like working people's clothes with all the luxury hidden except to the refined eye. No obvious glamour: just a boyish line, that of the sports field and the English public school.

Luxury—except in the details, the quality of the material, and the new colourings—was strictly abolished. In fact, she stripped women of practically everything feminine. Heads became bare and sleek like those of the gigolos of the period. Women tried to look like Rudolph Valentino, the saint of the manufacturers of brilliantine. The hats were bullets: very solid and made of felt. They were suitably called *cloches*, bells.

My enthusiasm for Chanel was the passionate desire of a child for everything new. She did not represent clothes to me but the exciting period in which I was living. I put her on the same plane as the artists and writers I knew.

Kit (Christopher) Wood, who died the following year, was a friend of Chanel's. He used to discuss her influence on the world with me when we were in Brittany and he was painting on the beach. He admired the great ivory Negro bracelets and barbaric jewellery which Nancy

(Continued on page 119)

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Chanel

(Continued from page 116)

Cunard wore on her arms, but he did not like the junk jewellery Chanel introduced and made the fashion for the first time.

This was the period when jewellery was concentrated on the arms. Masses of diamonds and precious stones would hide the bare skin almost up to the shoulder. A pendant hanging over the flattened bosom was also the fashion. I remember one of these, made for Lady Abdy by Mlle. Toussaint of Cartier: a large blue ancient Egyptian faïence plaque set in gold lotuses, Egyptian pillars, and scarabs, and decorated with turquoises, pearls, lapis lazuli, and diamonds. It was like a miniature temple hanging on her chest.

Much of Chanel's junk jewellery was simple and austere, in colours that could not be obtained with precious stones. It was opposite to everything that had been seen before, as it was essentially modern, though often inspired by the ancient and barbarian. Nothing could have been more opposed to the taste of Art Nouveau than Chanel's creations. She made that taste of the early part of the century abominable to her generation.

Chanel's shop was simple and the displays of her scents and trinkets new. She used square mirror boxes to hold the neat, well-proportioned scent bottles with simple labels. This was something that had not been seen before. There was a newness about everything Chanel did. Black walls and mirrors (without frames) were new in the same way that it was new to cover walls with corrugated packing paper and make curtains out of black *toile ciré*—oilcloth, for covering kitchen tables.

I remember when Chanel turned English women's heavy sportswear into Parisian elegance. Don Antonio de Gandarillas (one of the arbiters of elegance of the period) called this collection "covering Paris with the power of the Scottish mackintosh."

Chanel in the 'twenties made a coat and a dress I still remember. I forced my mother to buy the dress to replace a black taffeta dinner dress by Paquin, which I hated as it was covered with hand-painted stencils of over-large oranges and scarlet poppies. Chanel's dress, a simple sheath of black *crêpe de Chine* with shoulder straps, was covered with an embroidery of tiny stars and star-like flowers made in almost invisible sequins and diamanté beads. With it went a grey-and-black ostrich feather boa; each feather stripped of its plumage except for the fan-shaped tips that seemed to be fluttering in the air by magic. It was one of the most delicate and mysterious objects of the *toilette* that I have seen.

The coat, of white herringbone tweed, Chanel created after a visit to the old port of Toulon where she had been hunting in the bric-a-brac, souvenirs, and sailors' clothing shops under the arcades and gay awnings. She found a kind of red and white and blue cape, woven with a tiny geometric pattern, worn as part of the uniforms of petty officers in the French Navy. This she sewed down in stripes across the coat and in bands edging the cuffs and pockets.

Another time Chanel discovered some labourers' gauntlets in a shop in the East End of London. Made for heavy work of coarse hide, they were dyed a pale sky blue on the palms, with

(Continued on page 120)

"Coco is the cat without hairs."

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL

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Chanel

(Continued from page 119)

a bright lime green on top, and stitched together with thick threads of white string. These she had copied as women's gloves in delicate suède.

Chanel was the first to make use of what is now called Pop. Inspired by workingmen's attire, seamen's fancy and often metal-encrusted belts, workingmen's leather jackets lined with bright tartans, she also liked the outrageous tweed caps made in England for the Continental market, the fashion for all tough youths.

She introduced into the elegant world the "Shanghai blues," a forerunner of blue jeans. They were worn, with the most spectacular inlaid leather Spanish brogues, by all the pimps and were a national male uniform in Marseilles. These cotton Chinese suits washed to the most beautiful colours.

It must not be forgotten or overlooked that Chanel really started in a period resembling that of today. Youth revolted against conventions. Only the avant-garde was reserved for the few select international intellectuals, artists, and fashionable cliques. Today the avant-garde belongs to the more enlightened youth of the great masses of the population in almost every country. Every young hippie girl or youthful adventurer in dress belonging to the contemporary generation must, however, look up to Chanel with admiration, envy, and nostalgia for her dresses of the 'twenties.

Paul Poiret, who had been the greatest dressmaker since Worth and had invented the hobble skirt, said to me in St. Tropez in 1927, "I adore Chanel because she has never disdained stitching." In the same year, Colette said, "Chanel is the madwoman of costume." *(C'est la folle de la costume.)*

Natalie Barney, the doyenne of American literature in Paris, who was a friend of Proust, said in 1930: "Chanel's clique has abandoned her for the Italian Schiaparelli but she will not be forgotten in thirty years' time."

Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, said: "Chanel sees straight lines in a woman when I see rounded forms."

Raoul Dufy said, jokingly: "Chanel makes women as interesting to paint as horses."

Ernest Hemingway said: "Chanel is a woman without sex appeal to an American, but she has a lot for Europeans."

André Gide, very bored when I pestered him about Chanel during a visit to Brussels, said: "I do not understand literature in dressmaking but that obviously must be what Chanel is." *(Je ne comprend pas la littérature dans la couture, mais c'est évidemment Chanel.)*

The famous Dolly Sister Rose said: "They have always said black velvet was for me, but it was only Chanel who could make it fit like heaven."

Helen Gould Jennings, one of the real Ziegfeld Follies girls, said: "My vendeuse at Chanel taught me to throw away my large mauve orchids, and told me to burn my chinchilla coats. I followed her advice about the flowers, but found that my wire-haired fox terrier loved the chinchilla so much I made it into his bed."

Boni de Castellane, who had built the Palais Rose on L'Avenue du Bois in Paris and was the most extravagant man of the early nineteen hundreds, said: *La femme n'existe plus; il nous reste que les garçons de Chanel.* (Women no longer exist; all that remains are boys created by Chanel.)

This was the period when people were known by their cars, the coach work especially designed for each client. A famous woman of the time said: "I can not take my new car out unless I am dressed by Chanel, otherwise it would not suit me."

Cocteau used to say: *Chanel fait la cuisine avec la couture et c'est la bonne cuisine d'une pay-*

(Continued on page 122)

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Chanel

(Continued from page 120)

sanne. (Chanel is a cook with clothes and it's the good cooking of a peasant.) This was true as there always was that secure judgment and shrewd eye of the French peasant about everything Chanel did.

In 1926, Christian Bérard said: "Thank God, Chanel has done away with awful handmade lace that always looks dirty. If ever there is good machine-made lace, she will know how to use it." This Chanel did later.

Misia Sert, the wife of the Spanish painter-decorator, who was a great personality of her period and had been a friend of all the great artists of the early twentieth century and had been painted by Renoir and Vuillard, said: "Chanel had not only destroyed the period of Mucha, Lalique, and Tiffany glass, but created an emotional wave in the world of art far more important than clothes."

Marthe Bibesco said: "Chanel is the great magician of human appearance."

A Scot noble said: "*La mode, le tout Paris,* and elegance are dreams that can destroy anyone, except Coco Chanel who is as tough and pretty as a real Highland hard tartan."

The Russian painter and stage designer, Pavel Tchelitchew, described Chanel as "a woman without a face: an outline which Christian Bérard could draw if it included a long cigarette holder."

When Virgil Thomson, the American composer and music critic, asked his friend Gertrude Stein what she thought of Chanel, she answered: "Who is Chanel? Someone who goes to your concerts? Oh yes, she is that sensible woman who makes clothes that are reasonable and not outlandish."

Alice B. Toklas said: "Chanel is a terrible woman because she has destroyed beautiful hats! A woman without a hat is no longer an intriguing magical creature."

Lady Lavery, the smart Irish-American wife of the British Royal Academy painter, said: "Chanel makes a lovely dress to wear coming downstairs, but one forgets it when one is going up to bed."

Serge Lifar, a great dancer of the period, who was very fond of Chanel, said: "Coco is the *femme fatale* of business."

Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the fashionable, slick portrait painter and music-hall poster designer, said: "Chanel is impossible. She has stripped women of feather fans, lace nightgowns, and floating pastel-coloured chiffons."

The great French politician Joseph Paul-Boncour said: "After all, Chanel is politics."

At André Durst's fancy dress party at Senlis in 1938, Louis Bromfield remarked about Chanel, who was disguised as a palm tree, "She is a date palm without dates."

I will never forget Chanel at this party held in an illuminated wood. She looked like a little boy in black tights. Her head, crowned with a monument of palm leaves, gave her the appearance of a drawing for a masque by Inigo Jones. At the end of the party she gave me this wonderful headdress, but I lost it, as it flew away in a gust of wind on the way home.





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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Bachelor's party, first of the season in New York

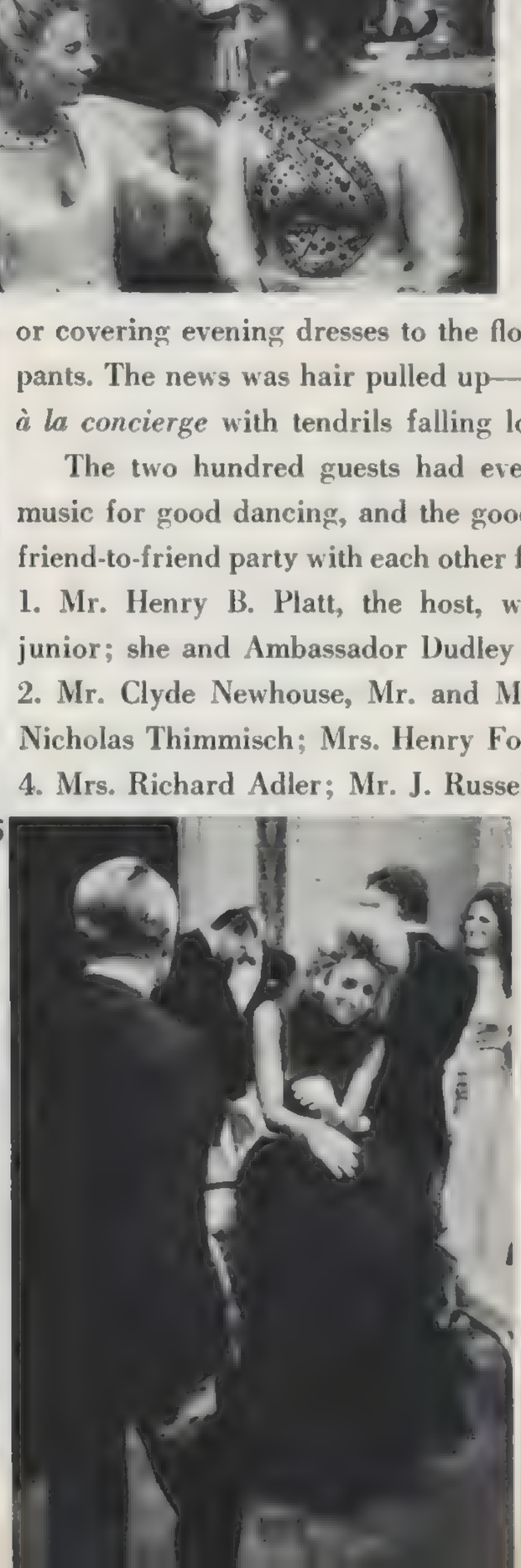

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There is nothing like a bachelor giving a party to bring out the prettiest girls in town looking their most delicious. At Harry Platt's party at the St. Regis they danced in paillettes, beads, fringe, feathers, gauzy embroideries, and cellophane, and went to all lengths: short skirts, midcalf skirts, or covering evening dresses to the floor and chemise tunics with pants. The news was hair pulled up—in smooth high topknots or *à la concierge* with tendrils falling loosely around young faces.

The two hundred guests had every reason to bloom: good music for good dancing, and the good news of being at a small, friend-to-friend party with each other for company.

1. Mr. Henry B. Platt, the host, with Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior; she and Ambassador Dudley were the guests of honour. 2. Mr. Clyde Newhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Ahmet Ertegün. 3. Mr. Nicholas Thimmisch; Mrs. Henry Ford, II; Mrs. Bruno Pagliai. 4. Mrs. Richard Adler; Mr. J. Russell Forgan, Jr. 5. Col. Serge Obolensky, Mrs. John R. Fell, Mrs. Lewis Preston. 6. Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli. 7. Mrs. Trimble Runnells, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Javits. 8. Mr. Derek L. Limbocker, Mrs. Diana Auchincloss, Mrs. Derek L. Limbocker. 9. Mrs. Ford Niarchos, Mr. Michael R. Santangelo. 10. Mrs. Harilaos Theodoracopulos, Mr. Frank Schiff. 11. Mr. Anthony J. Boalt, Mrs. Neil McConnell.

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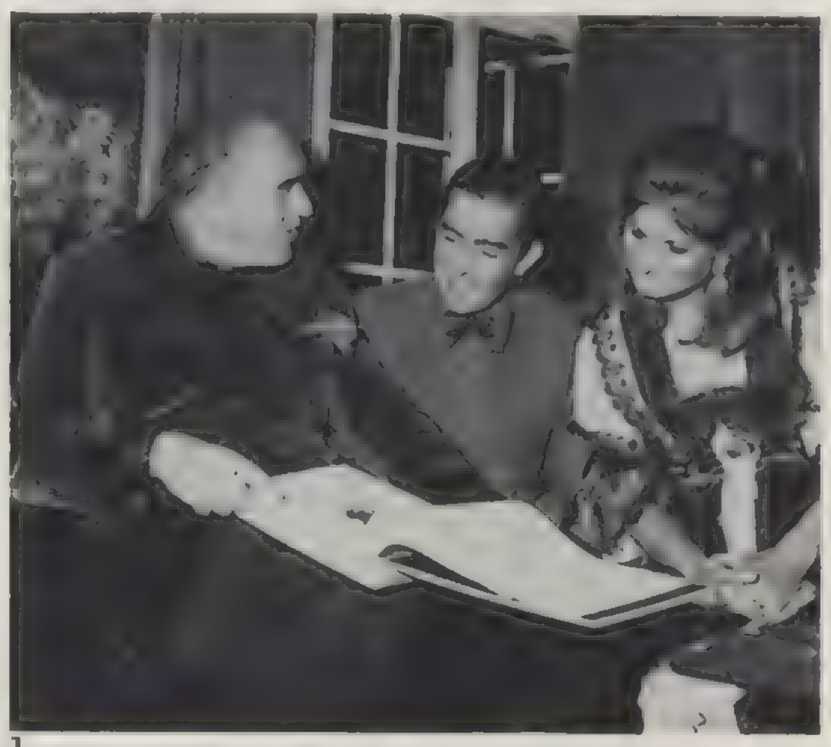
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VOGUE'S

The Weidenfeld birthday surprise in London



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At Cleve Lodge, planted with its own swathe of open land like a country house in the thick of London, Lady Weidenfeld gave for her husband, the publisher Sir George Weidenfeld, a fiftieth birthday party. In fact, she began to give the party half a year beforehand when she asked his creative friends in several countries and continents to contribute poems, drawings, surprises to a special book given her husband at midnight party-time.

The invitations said "exotic" dress, so the Earl of Drogheda wore a golden suit from Covent Garden Opera where he presides. The range of costumes, the come-and-go of guests from library to drawing-room to a tented, glassed verandah, and his friends' evident affection for Sir George gave the evening



4

NOTEBOOK



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the feel of a houseparty party far from town.

1. Sir George Weidenfeld, Signor Mario d'Urso, Mrs. William Mostyn-Owen. 2. Lady Weidenfeld, Mr. David Metcalfe. 3. Mr. David Hicks, Miss Georgiana Russell. 4. Lady Amabel Lindsay, The Maharani of Jaipur. 5. Sir John Foster, Lady Russell. 6. Mrs. David Metcalfe. Viscount Ednam. 7. Mr. Peter Eyre, Lady Antonia Fraser. 8. Mr. Michael Fish; Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II. 9. Miss Janet Lyle, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. 10. Mrs. Claus von Bülow, Prince Rupert of Löwenstein-Wertheim.



JACK NISBERG

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9

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4 oz. 7.50
Colognettes $1.50

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VOGUE'S

California début, Country & Western style



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At their ranch "The River" in the hills of the Sonoma wine country, New York and California prime-movers Mr. and Mrs. John Warnecke swung a high, wide, and jumping party, a unique début for nineteen-year-old Margo Warnecke, with three bands playing funky country music and some three hundred guests dancing on a wooden dance floor on the piney shavings of the large corral.

Arriving by vintage Yosemite tour bus or 1939 fire engine, the guests were greeted by red, white, and blue bunting and turn-of-the-century Japanese lanterns strung around the corral and down to the Russian River. The roast beef. carved in a nearby arbour, ran out, and the cooks hurriedly began



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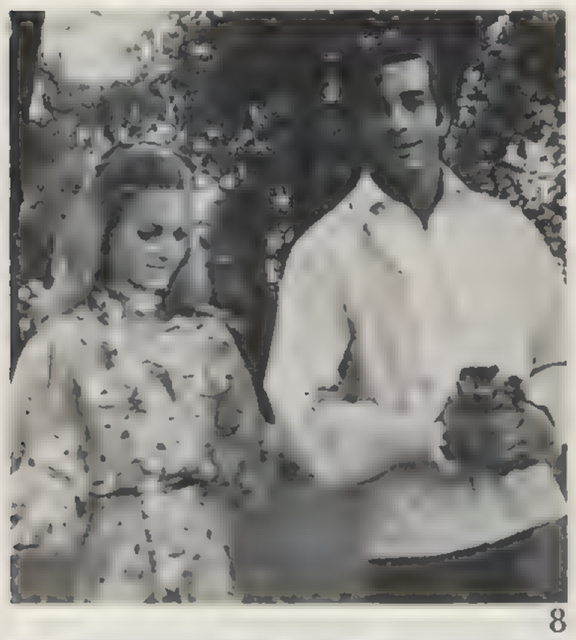

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barbecuing steaks to stem the hungry stampede.

1. Miss Margo Warnecke and Mr. Philip Holland. 2. Mr. Frederick Pierce Warnecke and Mr. Jeffrey Quayle. 3. Miss Nan Breidenstein and Mr. Raymond Hackett, junior. 4. Guests in front of the house, a remodelled barn. 5. Mr. and Mrs. John Carl Warnecke. 6. Mr. David Shepardson and Mr. Christopher Schroll. 7. Miss Debora Dollar. 8. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Topham. 9. Miss Marky Quayle. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gold and daughter.


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VOGUE'S

A Scandinavian night in Tennessee



1



2

A Viking ship at full mast—the gangplank a runway for a showing of Scandinavian furs and American fashions—moored in the softly blinking lights of a make-believe Tivoli Gardens: It launched the first annual Symphony Royale Ball to benefit Nashville's outstanding orchestra. Red and white were the ship's and the ball's colours, and musicians poured sound from the vast auditorium's balcony over the nine hundred and fifty guests eating and dancing below.



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NOTEBOOK



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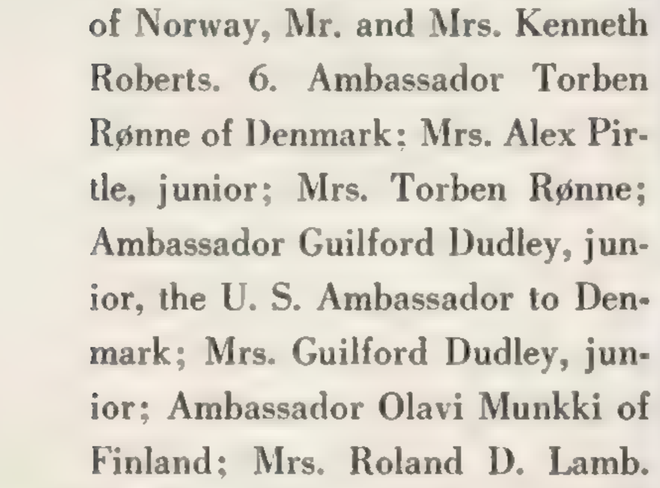


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The ambassadors to the United States from Finland, Norway, and Denmark were guests. They, plus the white-nights gaiety, landed Nashville for the Vikings.

1. A Viking ship in Tivoli Garden décor, the setting for the fashion show. 2. Miss Susan Pritchett, Mr. Franklin Jarman. 3. Mrs. William J. Anderson, III. 4. Mr. Michael Hayes, Miss Halle Fowler. 5. Ambassador and Mrs. Arne Gunneng of Norway, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Roberts. 6. Ambassador Torben Rønne of Denmark; Mrs. Alex Pirtle, junior; Mrs. Torben Rønne; Ambassador Guilford Dudley, junior, the U. S. Ambassador to Denmark; Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior; Ambassador Olavi Munkki of Finland; Mrs. Roland D. Lamb. 7. Miss Sally Smith; Mrs. Randall Henderson, junior. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Woods. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Lucius E. Burch, III. 10. Mrs. John Jay Hooker, junior; Mr. Bill Blass.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

The Polish Laboratory Theatre, "*genius*"

For serious theatre people as well as professional avant-gardists, the most talked-about and influential stage person in all the Western world is Jerzy Grotowski, director of the Polish Laboratory Theatre, even though, in a real sense, his American reputation is the work of theatre élitists and fashionmongers. His first visit to this country began in October at the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York and was immediately extended into December at least. Without question, it will prove the most important theatre event of the season.

The engagement opened with a one-hour version of *The Constant Prince,* an obscure play by the seventeenth-century Spanish playwright Calderón de la Barca. From the moment the audience —limited to ninety people—was allowed in (after being delayed in the lobby, almost as if its worthiness were being determined), it was obvious that something very unusual was going on. Inside, the theatre looked as if it were a piece of sculpture itself. Entering an open space in the church, you found what seemed to be a model of a theatre: a wood structure with its back to you, steps leading up to two high-perched rows of benches running around three of the four sides. Below was an arena-like space about twenty-five feet by twelve with an eight-foot fence separating the event from the audience, perhaps protecting it. You looked down upon it as if (according to Grotowski) in an operating amphitheatre.

But you didn't see a production of Calderón's play. You saw a vision of it, the text faithless and slashed, the sense preserved as if an essence, steeped. Four black-robed actors entered the arena and tormented a prisoner. He was given a robe like theirs, and another prisoner—the prince—appeared. He wore briefs (a little like diapers), carried a red cape, and lay down upon a low wood platform. The odour was intensely wood. The words were chanted to dissolve their meaning (they are Polish, and Poles tell me they can't understand the language). The prince was tortured, sometimes physically with umbrella pokes, mostly through accusation and harassment. His tormentors were not always hostile—at times they enjoyed a strange relationship with him. He beat himself. He groaned as if his voice were coming from his hips; and in a weird, incantatory way the others harmonized with him. He accepted his pain; he absorbed it, became enraptured by it, ultimately transcended it in a death ecstasy.

There was no lighting except for two spotlights in opposite corners, and they never changed intensity or colour. The movement was dance-like. The dynamics were constant—speeches at the same tempo, pitch, and volume, everything beginning, continuing, and ending at the same level. Naturally, no one knew when the play was over, such Eastern perpetualism (which is exactly what it is) still being alien to our kinds of theatre minds. The company itself is like a body machine, disciplined vocally and physically past the point of humanity.

So *The Constant Prince,* as produced by Grotowski, is extraordinary and can be described only as itself. Though not so sado-masochistic as Grotowski's description of it, that element is certainly there. So is a sense of erotic religion-sacrilege. A work of genius, it can not serve as influence—it is the vision of a unique mind. As with anything truly individual, common values and traditional descriptions are inadequate: It simply exists.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Gandhi's Truth, "*brilliantly unfolds*"

Gandhi's Truth by Erik H. Erikson (W. W. Norton & Co.) opens up for our enlightenment so many thoughts about Gandhi that one almost loses sight of the peculiar, tranquil contribution of Erikson's own temperament meditating upon that of his subject. There is a sort of hidden fullness and richness in this work—hidden in the discreet, rather genteel style, in the mood always courteous and forever wondering. Erikson's mind is free of the temptation to dramatize in a journalistic way and to schematize in the way of his profession, psychoanalysis. There are none of those teasing chapter endings, none of the clanging exaggerations that make all great men tend to look like the hustling authors of their biographies. Indeed, when one first begins this book, this exploration, the uncalculating simplicity is almost discouraging. And yet slowly, in the calm and trusting air, the long and fascinating struggle of Gandhi to become himself brilliantly unfolds before us.

The experiments in truth, the development of a militant nonviolence in the face of injustice: These are at the core of Gandhi's self-realization. Many other ideas, obsessions, and bizarre practices merged with political thought. Gandhi took part in a large number of "actions"—as the Left now calls them—and gave himself to the smallest injustice as well as to the ultimate demand for the independence of India. It was his fate to wish to be the supreme politician—daring, inventive, courageous unto death and yet skillful in compromise—and at the same time to be a saint, to lead his close followers with him into chastity, poverty, simplicity, and sacrificial political activity.

Gandhi was a complete original, a fantast, if you will, who combined the most curious repressions with an almost childlike openness. He was first of all a very manly figure, determined, right up to old age, to battle against his "lust." He was a father, the "Bapu," and yet remarkably maternal, loving to serve others, to nurse, to fuss over. Not surprisingly, he was not a very good husband, or father to his children. The great national "fathers" seem to have a generalized fatherliness that swallows up the particular.

The first thunderclap of destiny in Gandhi's life was his father's decision to marry him at thirteen, a practice that was common but not mandatory. Gandhi's lifelong resentment of this practice and his revulsion against his youthful sexuality were so violent they led to his doctrine of chastity and all those other contests with the body which he undertook. The revulsion was supported by the Indian belief that sexual activity diminished mental power, and Gandhi was always ambitious. More importantly, the male and female side of Gandhi's nature came into conflict at the time of the death of his father. The son had been nursing the father, but the son, Gandhi, was also a husband and left the bedside to go home to lie with his wife. The father "died in the arms of another," leaving Gandhi with a guilt he never recovered from. He was troubled by ambivalent feelings toward his own sons and made heavy moral demands on them, causing his wife to say that he was "trying to make holy men of my sons before they are men." The oldest son lived a life as if working out a parable: He died young, as a tubercular drunkard, after having been involved in discrediting (Continued on page 140)

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And if you don't look better in a week, write to us and we'll send you back your money.

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Things don't happen the way they used to.



But they still happen.



Tabu by Dana
The forbidden fragrance.

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Vogue's Spotlight: Books (Continued from page 138)

financial deals and generally irregular behaviour. Among the rather comic tribulations of Gandhi's life was his effort to teach his intelligent and morally gifted wife to read and write. She could not—would not?—learn.

Gandhi studied law in England and went to South Africa as a barrister. He began almost immediately to organize the indentured Indian workers, who were little better off than slaves, and to resist racial prejudice. As in his study of Martin Luther, Erikson looks for the shaping, crucial situation in which a great man at last confronts his mission, his destiny. For Gandhi, "the event" —as Erikson sees it—was the textile workers' strike, in 1918, in the industrial city of Ahmadabad. Here civil disobedience, nonviolent resistance were more or less perfected as political tactics; here also Gandhi developed his extraordinary collection of beliefs and what can only be called his "life style." Sexual abstinence, promotion of homespun cloth (symbolized in "spinning wheel" campaigns), communal living in ashrams ("a life of mutual observation and intricate discipline") became fixed principles. The characters in the strike were remarkable people, particularly the estimable mill-owner, a decent and generous man but nevertheless a mill-owner whom Gandhi could love as a friend and contest as a principal. At Ahmadabad the first of those notorious fasts was undertaken. Here Gandhi voluntarily starved in communion with the workers who were involuntarily starving because of the strike. The affair ended in a compromise, another typical feature of Gandhi's career, which sometimes vexed the militant but represented Gandhi's political seriousness and his lack of hatred for his "enemies."

In the middle of the book, Erikson considers and analyzes some of Gandhi's culpable actions and human failures. He does this in the form of a letter, a wise decision that allows criticism without discourtesy, doubt without shrillness. Consider the incident of the young girls and boys sent off to bathe in the river with the exhortations of self-restraint. Later Gandhi hears of the boys teasing the girls and is seized with turbulent feelings. He lies awake all night wondering, "What mark should the girls bear so as to give them a sense of security and at the same time to sterilize the sinner's eyes?" He decided that the girls should cut off their beautiful long hair, a cruel punishment for an Indian girl. In this Erikson sees "violence." He also senses a measure of tyranny in the bouts of fasting Gandhi sometimes undertook, not against injustice, but as a rebuke to the sins of his followers.

This year India is celebrating the centenary of Gandhi's birth amidst great and continuing poverty and religious rioting and violence. In America, the great Gandhi disciple, Martin Luther King, Jr., died violently and the adherents of non-violent resistance shrank back to their previously small numbers. Some of Gandhi's practices exist among our youth—communal living, voluntary poverty, symbolic dress. Gandhi was very conscious of the shock of his naked legs and his loin cloth and, like the bearded and long-haired, seemed to take pleasure in appearing at formal gatherings in his "nakedness." Erikson sees the prophetic, also, in the melding of the masculine and feminine in Gandhi's nature, ". . . for in a mechanized future the relative devaluation of the martial model of masculinity may well lead to a freer mutual identification of the two sexes."

Of course, the presence among us of certain of Gandhi's moods is accompanied by a self-indulgence abhorrent to the "naked fakir," as Churchill called him. Still, in spite of the current disastrous contempt of the weak for non-violence as a way of improving life, it is not cant to speak of the eternal light of Gandhi's "truth." He lived in poverty and saintliness among the masses he wished to lead to their own "identity"—and to justice and charity.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

A Married Couple, "*niggling*"

I'm beginning to think that the ultimate fascination of documentary movies lies in what kind of people let themselves be used in making them—no, not let, fight for the honour, evidently. (I'll never forget the happy row of salesmen at the première of *that* one.) *A Married Couple*, Allan King's latest "actuality drama," lacks exactly what his brilliant *Warrendale* had in abundance: a moving subject. In fact, the subject of this one might justifiably be considered repellent: a "real" married couple—a forty-two-year-old Canadian advertising man, Billy Edwards, and his wife, Antoinette, who only too eagerly reveal to us the niggling tedium of their married days, which includes Excedrin quarrels, eating dinner in their underwear, picking dog turds off the floor, discussing ad nauseam each other's psyches, fussing around each other naked, and so on. But, as every other "real" married couple knows, marriage is as marriage does, and this one is merely functioning at the lowest common denominator: he, pretentious, boringly bossy; she, arch, brassy, self-consciously cheerful—at one point I saw her whispering to one of the other "real" people, "We're on camera."

It's the usual vulgar confusion between frankness and honesty. Not that I'm denying that domesticity is often drab and dreary, but it can also be radiantly shot through with tenderness and love. And there's no love in this picture at all, except maybe between a big dog named Merton and a little boy named Bogart. (Evidently this couple's passion for the movies is all-pervasive.) At the end of the last quarrel, there is a reconciliation and embrace, but the careful observer will notice that Mrs. Edwards's arm dangles.

The Sterile Cuckoo, "*husky, hesitant charm*"

And now, to speak of a romance that doesn't culminate in the tragedy of marriage, there is *The Sterile Cuckoo*, a movie that shouldn't work but does—at least part of the time. Based, like *The Graduate*, on an indifferent novel that is much improved by being brought to the screen, this one might just as well have been called *The Undergraduate* and is the love story of two freshmen: the usual kookie girl we've all come to know and every so often love, lonely, terrified of the standard college types that she calls "weirdos," and the young boy, still sensitive but, as she well knows, about to become a "weirdo" himself. What saves this movie, when it's saved, is Liza Minnelli's playing the kook, Pookie, with much of her mother's husky, hesitant charm, and also Judy Garland's calculated schmaltz, which is okay, too. Thanks to her performance and Alan Pakula's direction, *The Sterile Cuckoo* really does sometimes smack of first love, even though there are a few too many arch tricks, such as photographing the young pair from a distance to show how little they really are. As the boy, Wendell Burton, twenty-one, here playing his first movie rôle, is very sweet and very square, particularly in the best and funniest scene in the movie, when he and the girl go off to a creaky country motel, their first, she carrying the bags, he, with absentminded politeness, holding the door. Inside, she urges him to undress her and he carefully unzips her jacket, hangs it up, peels off her sweater, pulls out the sleeves from inside, folds her skirt, puts it over a chair, and probably establishes himself as the neatest young lover in history.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Television

BY MARGOT HENTOFF

"Thirty seconds for a point"

The generation now upon us has been called the "movie generation"—not an entirely accurate description. Film, it is true, is the art of choice for the young, but television has been their homely familiar. Movies are no longer what they were to that other generation now edging into middle age—a fairly mindless entertainment for weekend afternoons that, incidentally, created a vision of America that at times threatened to erase what was learned in school and, in addition, to set up heroic models, standards, and ideals. But television now performs some of that function of oblique education—although in a different fashion and with different results.

While movies, in their heyday as a folk art, were mythopoetic, television, taken as a whole, is demythologizing. It presents us not with the drama of war but with its griminess; not Mr. Deeds in Washington but our true elected public officials. Further, it intensifies by compression; it does not glamourize. Villains *look* like villains on the evening news. Heroes tend to fall apart. Candidates for office appear on screen just long enough for us to realize that they are not altogether what we had in mind. A list of demands read in a particular whine by an insurgent shakes one's hope in the good outcome of the uprising.

The essence of television is that it demands no commitment from the observer. We listen to a talk show or a singer, flick on an old movie, pay half-attention to a Presidential press conference like kids doing homework to records. It does not cost us time, money, or effort to watch; we can afford to focus on the sideshow rather than the main event. And therefore what we learn from television is not always what has been intended, but it is nonetheless real.

Just as children have been taught to read by commercials as they simultaneously learn to be wary of advertising promises, the rest of the nation has been educating itself through watching public events. Before the days of mass communication, we picked up cultural style from those around us: family, friends, neighbours, and townsmen. Italians responded to a funeral in one way; Swedes, in another. Today we have our experiences in common. We are all experts in conventional behaviour at assassinations, funerals, demonstrations, and revolutions. People have even learned to talk like personalities when a microphone is held to their lips.

The young especially have learned from one another. One watches them confronting their elders in all parts of the country, speaking in the patient, patronizing tones of British officers addressing the natives. One instantly knows who the new aristocracy is: The young are clearly wiser and better than the old men. And they have all learned the tone.

Perhaps even the powder-keg quality of the current national temper has something to do with television. Daily, the camera zooms in on exacerbated people with thirty seconds to make a point, and a new manner of communication gathers momentum.

We may be restricted in what we see on the screen by the dwarf imaginations of those in television power, but television is not so controllable a medium as others. Things slip through. And we are changed.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Tenth Street revisited,

"repetition or desperation"

Like any other kind of history, art history has a tendency to repeat itself. Anyone who remembers Tenth Street is probably experiencing a shock of recognition these days when contemplating the growth of such anti-Establishment galleries in lower Manhattan as the David Whitney Gallery, Ivan Karp's O.K. Harris Works of Art, and the Richard Feigen Gallery on Greene Street. A decade or so ago, Tenth Street was a hodgepodge of varieties of "new" realism trying to pass themselves off as post-Abstract art, along with provincial versions of the modern styles, including junk construction and naïve geometric painting. But the unmistakable Tenth Street product was a crusty surface heavy with paint and manic gesturing, in homage to de Kooning.

Depressing to say, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* So much current work that ostensibly challenges Establishment values is but an updated version of the various elements that made up Tenth Street. Now the realism, however, is based on Andy Warhol instead of Edward Hopper, and the geometry recalls Op instead of Mondrian. The junk relies on Jackson Pollock instead of Cubism for its arrangement. Perhaps the weirdest thing about the current reversion to Tenth Street styles, attitudes, and manners is that the script seems the same, only the leading characters have changed. Instead of the whole enterprise being played out in de Kooning's shadow with Harold Rosenberg leading the chorus, we have Pollock as the *éminence grise* and Clement Greenberg as the art world's Jeane Dixon, with the added charisma of having anticipated current standards and values.

Looking at much new art, one senses Pollock's presence either implicitly or explicitly, even if it is Pollock as filtred through Jules Olitski, Helen Frankenthaler, and Morris Louis. Essentially, the current insistence on opticality and painterliness and the banishment of figure-ground relationships, discrete shapes, and obvious brushwork come from Pollock. Indeed, certain images—of looping arcs and interwoven trails of spray—are surprisingly close to Pollock's dripped webs. Moreover, a lot of the new work seeks, as Pollock did in his drip technique, to imitate the processes rather than the forms of nature.

The problem is that the traditional modes are becoming less and less capable of generating innovation, even as the appetite for novelty rises. This makes for either repetition or desperation, and we are seeing a lot of both lately. Yet the level of intelligence and technique seems considerably higher now than it was ten years ago. Unfortunately, this does not insure freshness or energy. On the contrary, much of the best work, especially by younger artists, is modest, intimate, and personal. There seems, in fact, almost an inverse ratio between ambition and achievement, especially below Fourteenth Street. Often, good work, such as Alan Shields's banner-like stitched cloths, looks like advanced folk art. In other instances, such as the whimsical cups of West Coast ceramist Kenneth Price, the imaginative content is far in excess of scale or medium. It may be, then, that quality in the 'seventies will find itself in opposition to the dominant values of the 'sixties: power, impact, and high-style decoration; for power is not necessarily the ultimate goal in art any more than it is in the relationships between nations and individuals.



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HOROSCOPE

December 1 through December 31

ARIES. March 21–April 20. The first cardinal (energetic), first Fire (spontaneous) sign. The power of the Sun in Fire, your element, should bring results to endeavours begun in the spring. The 3rd to the 9th is your most productive period. If one old project resists, try again after the new moon on the 9th. Communicate on the 11th. Late in the evening of the 14th, a surprise in a matter of the heart pleases you, but the responsibility causes you to hesitate. Start to complete an old chore on the 15th; you may become too involved with it on the 18th and 19th. Prepare for a new opportunity on the 23rd. From the 26th to the 29th, keep concentration high. You have earned an evening with old friends on the 30th.

TAURUS. April 21–May 20. *The first fixed (permanent), first Earth (enduring) sign. The first three days are best to organize the month. The Air and Fire signs have the lead; you enjoy partnerships, so follow them from the 4th to the 10th. On the 11th, you have the right of way. It is your best period until the 15th, when a surprising question is put to you. Postpone your answer, especially if it concerns a loved one. On the 17th, you are more concerned with love than business. On the 19th, an unexpected message demands attention. Late in the morning of the 22nd, you get good financial news that requires handling until the 26th. You are involved in love on the 27th. A hard day's work on the 30th satisfies.*

GEMINI. May 21–June 21. The first mutable (pivotal), first Air (facile) sign. You will not know which direction to take until the 4th. An unusual turn of the tide forces you into a position that should be resolved by the 10th. You may face the past on the 11th, but it will be done with quickly and end in a lovely weekend. On the 14th, don't offer an opinion that might be misunderstood. You may need to settle several serious matters; attend to the oldest on the 19th, consider new offers from the 22nd to the 29th. On the 30th, a difficult day, avoid business transactions. Your concentrated working program will bring a spiritual victory. You will deserve the unusual evening of the 31st.

CANCER. June 22–July 22. The second cardinal (yielding), first Water (charitable) sign. The first four days are very sympathetic to your efforts. The 3rd should respond to something you began in July, resulting in a celebration with loved ones on the 5th. On the 8th, you may have to take orders, and power seems to come through others from the 10th to the 15th. This period would be best to complete a prosperous undertaking. Unfounded doubts may assail you on the 14th. The 17th is inspired by love. The 19th to the 22nd is working time, with the most productive day at full moon on the 23rd. Late in the evening of the 25th, an emotional fulfillment occurs. Chance information on the 29th ends the year with promise.

LEO. July 23–August 22. *The second fixed (unbending), second Fire (magnetic) sign. If you were born near the end of the sign, wait until after the 4th to press forward. From the 5th to the new moon, on the 9th, many new events start with such excitement that you will have to exercise control to choose the most advantageous. On the weekend, you could be too enthralled to respond to a very serious question. Your ruler, the Sun, in the Fire sign of Sagittarius in conjunction with Venus brings you love from the 16th to the 21st. On the 22nd, consolidate your obligations, and stay with it until the 27th. You have only the 29th and 30th to put your personal wishes in order to end the year with authority and faith.*

VIRGO. August 23–September 22. The second mutable (adjustor), second Earth (worker) sign. The 1st to the 3rd yields the best returns. The Fire signs stimulate you, as the Air signs (that are occupied) weigh your plans. Let them guide you until the 10th. After the new moon, especially on the 11th, attend to one plan you wish to endure. The evening of the 13th is pleasurable. Avoid controversial discussion on the 14th. From the 18th to the 21st, your ruler, Mercury, in the orderly sign of Capricorn has you methodically planning for a joyous holiday. After the 22nd, you may improve the home. Your thoughtful deed brings personal satisfaction on the 24th; a business venture brings good news on the 30th.

LIBRA. September 23–October 23. The third cardinal (balance), second Air (poised) sign. You attract new situations and new adventures, as you move into a high point of an extravagant period. The 3rd is a day for love. From the 5th to the 10th, give strict attention to business opportunities. Avoid the 11th. Ease up for a happy weekend. The scene changes on the 14th; stay in control to hold your advantages. At mid-month, the awakener Uranus still occupies your birth sign, bringing changes and advancement. On the 16th, Jupiter presents an opportunity for achievement. The 21st brings important messages; the 22nd is a fine day for business. The Moon in your sign on the 31st makes you popular.

SCORPIO. October 24–November 21. *The third fixed (unwavering), second Water (obsessive) sign. You seem to be determined and successful at winning the loved one the first four days. Then you enter into a prosperous period through a new partnership or program, and a message on the 5th heralds extremely good news until the 9th. Do not overreach or take the odd view on the 14th, for you might unsettle everything. Early-degree Scorpions should welcome the arrival of the good fortune of Jupiter when it enters their sign on the 17th; you have the added strength of Mars to urge you to initiate a new plan or to design a new life. From the 28th to the 31st, Venus adds love to the array of benefits.*

SAGITTARIUS. November 22–December 21. The third mutable (lighthearted), third Fire (philosophical) sign. The warmth of the Sun is smiling on you, and Mercury in your sign is bringing messages of significance. But do not allow love to absorb you; business partners deserve your undivided attention. The new moon on the 9th empowers you with strength and good will. Race straight to your goals until the 14th, then let the opposition have their way. Initiate an idea on the 17th. The Sun continues to favour you until the 21st, when you should agree with your business partner. In social matters or the game of love you win until the 26th. Conclude important business deals on the 27th. If not, they will demand your attention through the 31st.

CAPRICORN. December 22–January 19. The fourth and last cardinal (masterful), third Earth (persevering) sign. You are being pressured on all sides, while the Fire and Air signs sail blithely on. Join them on the 4th; they need your organizing ability. On the 10th, the day after the new moon, you accomplish most; on the 13th, a surprise is the result. Reward yourself on the 14th. You should get an important message on the 16th. Mercury now occupies your sign with Mars on one side and wise Jupiter on the other, substantiating effective decisions. Depend on this luck through the 21st to the 27th. Venus in your neighbouring sign, Sagittarius, means parties. On the 29th or 30th, you will give a party, too.

AQUARIUS. January 20–February 18. *The fourth and last fixed (eccentric), third Air (imaginative) sign. Mars is in your sign for fifteen days—your most active period. Jupiter presents new partners; Neptune may exaggerate winnings. On new moon, the 9th, discuss an opportunity with one you trust; then sign on the 11th when values are clear. The 15th is an unreliable day. The Sun and Venus both in the Fire sign of Sagittarius stimulate new ventures on the 16th and 17th. Mercury (selector) in orderly Capricorn disciplines from the 21st to the 27th. The 22nd is best for a personal duty. As Jupiter enters Scorpio on the 17th, your competitive sign may balk you. The 30th is bad for decisions.*

PISCES. February 19–March 20. The fourth mutable (submissive), third Water (psychic) sign. Your ruler, Neptune, has beautiful, luxury-loving Venus as a companion from the 1st to the 4th; you begin the month with love and financial prospects, but Mars (reality) will try to balk your flow. The dream could blur on the 13th and 14th, but not if you remain silent. Mars activates you into initiating new ideas on the 16th; and Jupiter, the great good luck, has entered your harmonious Water sign, Scorpio. Guiding you on a safe path, the Sun in Earth Capricorn urges you to accept new offers. The 24th is fine for family unification; the 28th to the 31st, an extremely appropriate time for important personal affairs, especially love or marriage.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Which is the real you?

The woman who chooses Gorham's King Edward likes its regal quality. On the other hand, a woman who prefers Gossamer feels more at home with a design that is all pure line, enhanced by elegant hand texturing. Buttercup's appeal is in its wealth of delicate detail and informal charm.

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Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: La Scala, Gossamer, Buttercup, Rondo, King Edward

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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING

In Silver

Unusual gifts of silver are welcome in any house at Christmas . . . will be a joy forever. From left to right: This chunky sterling candlestick, holding a fat candle, looks very 1970. $37.50. By International. Indispensable permanent calendar, 3″ x 3½″, in a sterling frame $12; by Gorham. An all-sterling calendar is to be engraved with special dates, perhaps the family birthdays. $115, plus engraving. Obelisk, 133 E. 56th St., N. Y. C. Lunt's sterling reproduction of a historic John Coney teapot, c.1710, $435. A 17th-century silver and ostrich egg ewer copied in England for Hunting World. $2,500. 247 E. 50th St., N. Y. C. The Rehoboth plated silver goblet, 6⅜″ high, $18.50. By Reed & Barton. Roly-poly plated silver on-the-rocks cup inspired by an 18th-century design, $7.75. By Towle. This English wine cooler, shaped like a boar's head, might also hold flowers. $425. The charging boar with crystal midriff is also English. $210. Both at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., N. Y. C.



DAVID MASSEY

12 gifted ideas for the Christmas house

Feather table: Glass tops a Parsons shape in black and white polka dots of feathers. 24″ x 24″ x 36″, $600. By Valerie Poor at William L., 979 Third Ave., N. Y. C. ***Game record books:*** For shooting or fishing, gold-tooled red leather bindings. $15 to $25. By Hunting World, 247 E. 50th St., N. Y. C. ***Sony Color T.V. news:*** A new solid state concept, Trinitron, for bright colour, sharper picture. 12″ screen, $360; 7″ screen, $430. Liberty Music Shops, 450 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. ***Luxury tassels:*** Tie to keys or handbags. Bright wool Portuguese donkey tassels, $3.75 ea. Silver thread tassels, $31.50, $36. From the Clarence House collection, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Self-sealing letterpapers: Five pads of 100 sheets per pad, fold to make their own envelopes. Each pad is a different colour. $25 includes name. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. ***Mini-puzzles:*** For jigsaw fans in transit, Springbok's op art designs are mini but tricky. 7″ square, $1.50 ea., Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. ***Folding grog table:*** A 20″ x 14″ smoky Plexiglas tray rests on folding steel legs, $300. Albrizzi, 991 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. ***Shoe house:*** A wooden cabinet to hang on the closet door is 72″ high x 7″ deep, 19″ wide, holds 12 pairs of shoes on brass rods. 27 colours. $60. Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Barker paintings: English muralist, William Feilding, does portraits of dogs as well. He has done Phipps, Sanford and Bostwick pets. From $450. Bodley Gallery, 787 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. ***Antique watches on stands:*** These might also hold rings. A Napoleon III bronze dolphin on marble base, $50. All at Antica, 802 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. ***Pillows:*** Afghan stitch wool pillows made-to-order with names, mottos. In stock, zodiac signs, $40, animals, $45. Belgravia House, 127 E. 57th St., N. Y. C. Patchwork 12″ pillows made of printed cotton are quilted in fat puffed squares. By the Mountain Artisans, $30 ea. To order from The Very Thing, 147 E. 72nd St., N. Y. C.



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

Offstage at the ancient Teatro di Marcello, cinema star Maria Grazia Buccella models a cascade of flowery chiffon by Sorelle Fontana of Rome. The bottle is unmistakably Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Equally unmistakable: the unique taste of Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America with its combination of modern and classical elegance. Let Galliano win *you* over. Tonight.



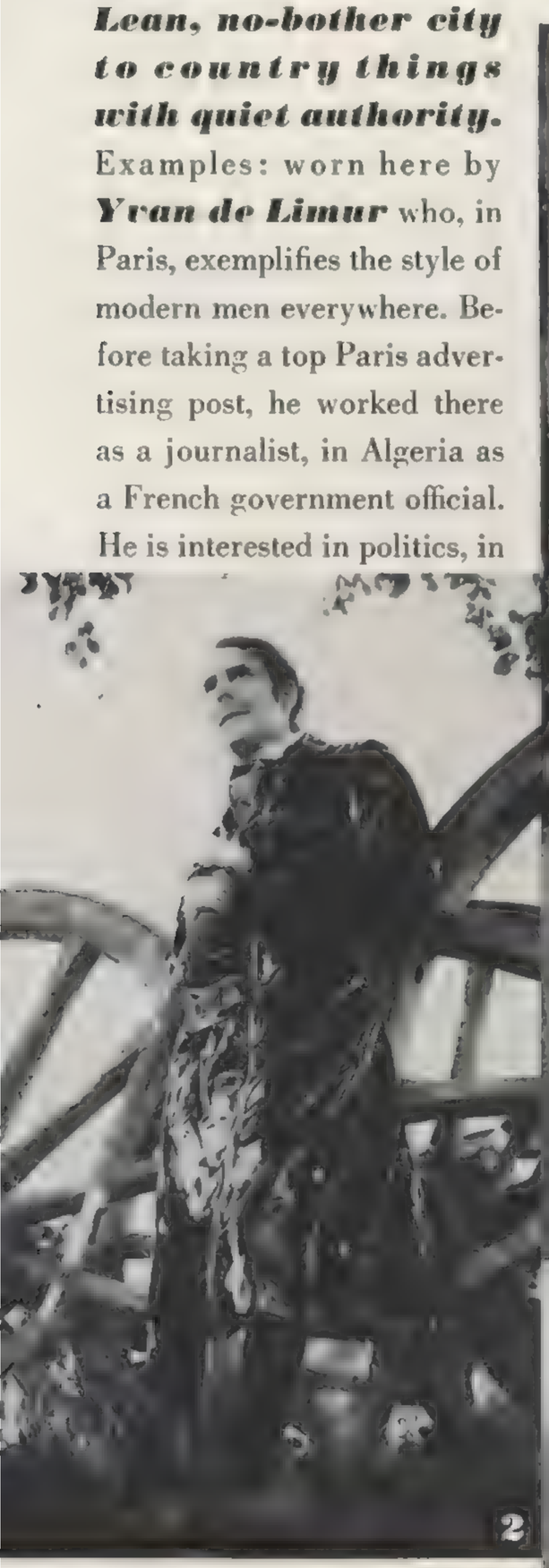
80 Proof Liqueur, Imported by McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y. © Mck, 1969

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

The clothes that a man wants this Christmas?

Lean, no-bother city to country things with quiet authority. Examples: worn here by ***Yvan de Limur*** who, in Paris, exemplifies the style of modern men everywhere. Before taking a top Paris advertising post, he worked there as a journalist, in Algeria as a French government official. He is interested in politics, in skiing, and in swimming (he helped set a new world record for free-form relay racing). The clothes he wears here are French. Like M. de Limur, they are at home anywhere in the world. Big news now: black. Black head to foot, as in the black satin shirt-suit, ***1.*** by Yves Saint Laurent for parties, at home. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York. Black, as in a long sliver of a vinyl coat, ***2,*** with side zip. By Pierre Cardin. If not black this year: grey. In a coat, best if long like ***3,*** in tweed by Pierre Cardin.


2

3

COWAN

Fur-bearing men:

Some, like ***Thomas Kempner,*** have a sable lining in a raincoat. Others, like ***Hiram Keller, 4.*** prefer the fur to show, to look warm and handsome for the world to see. The star of Fellini's *Satyricon* and the upcoming *Orestes* wears an especially good fur choice: steel-grey Persian lamb paws. It is double-breasted, with a major collar and is worked with customary finesse by Jacques Kaplan. $695. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.


4

BERRY BERENSON



WHITE SHOULDERS ATOMIZER by Evyan



Exaltation, animal spirits, deliverance—
these may be the words to describe
the country this month. Within the year,
incredibly brave men walked on the moon.
The end of the Viet Nam war is on the horizon.
For a time, rancour and jeopardy
may be glazed over. For the safety switch
may soon go on. We may all feel an invisible
swoop of the heart, a rolling of the spirit,
upwards. "In the beginning God..."

the miraculous churches of Kizhi

Here a brooding vision, unreal, of the churches at Kizhi.
Right, the Church of the Transfiguration,
the perfect, single, most complicated of all the
monuments of ancient Russian architecture.

In the north of the Soviet Union on the island of Kizhi in Lake Onega, two hundred miles above Leningrad, stand these two unique eighteenth-century churches whose nameless builders had an intricate mastery of wood, an inexhaustible ingenuity. Their carpenter-architects built the magnificent Preobrazhenskaya Church (the twenty-two-domed Church of the Transfiguration) and the small Pokrovskaya (the nine-domed Church of the Protection of the Virgin). They are masterpieces.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





THE FANTASTIC CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION AT KIZHI

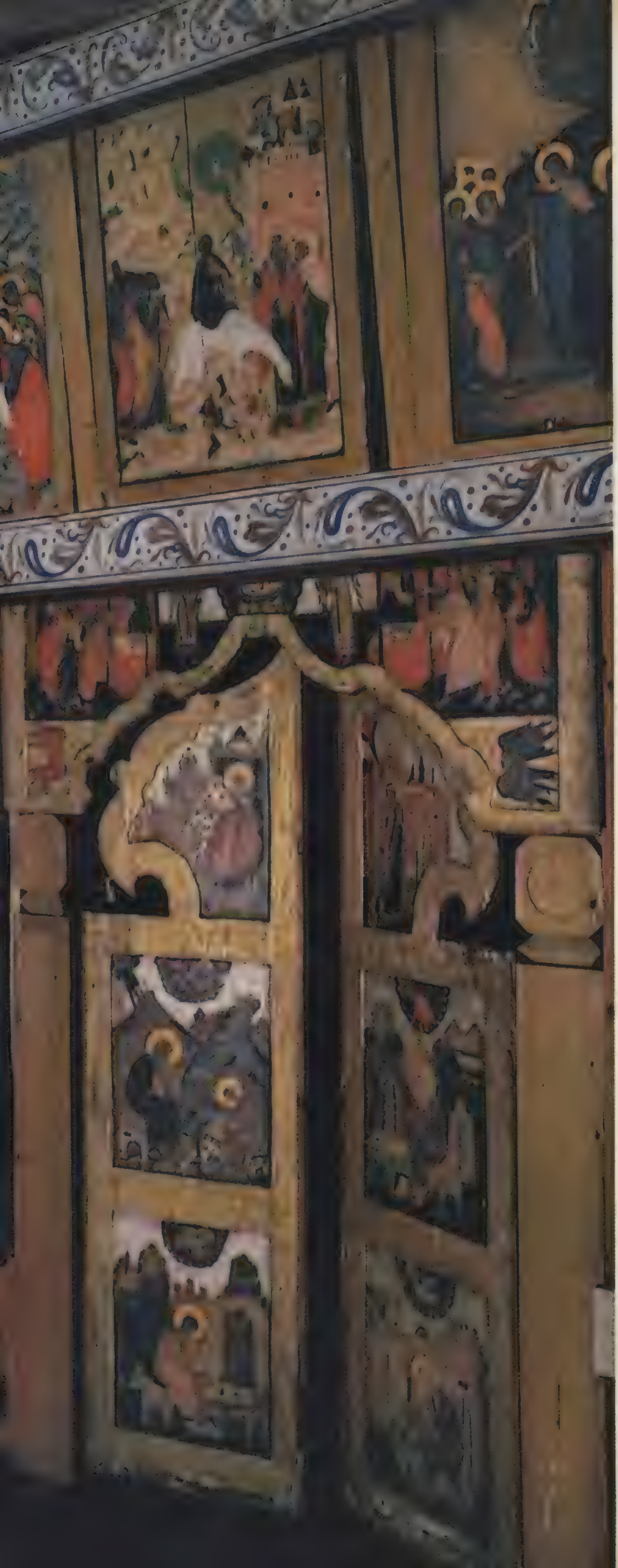
"A perfection of design and wild light." Below, a detail of its silvery, serrated wood.

Right, some of its cupolas, its ladders, its crosses, in an extravagance of pattern.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY







at Kizhi

"GULLS SIT HIGH ON THEIR SACRED PERCHES"

By Pauline de Rothschild

The dead white bird lay dry and dusty on the field yellowed by the summer heat. Its wings outspread, a thin slight vestige of former full-feathered strength. It could not even dent the grass.

On one of four narrow beds of the train's compartment, the peasant woman had pulled the white sheet up to her throat, one strong sunburned arm curving about her head, the sunburn more a colour of the blood than a skin's surface. The sleek muscular arm and shoulder were a triumphant refusal to the wrinkled face and hands.

We were four in the compartment. Three women and one man. (The Russians do not segregate the sexes in their night trains. This makes for much quicker dressing and undressing and more pleasing looks as you can not be a lone disgrace to your sex with a disagreeable face accompanied by unaccountable rustlings.) The man, who had left while we went to bed, returned. He was the countrywoman's husband. He looked younger than she because he had kept all of his blond hair. He bent over her to see if she were comfortable, she whined a little and he lifted her pillow and placed her thick, cream-colour knitted jacket under it. Her slip was of a thin and barely glistening silk, printed in the manner Pucci has made world-famous, but here adapted to the Russian eye's pleasure in flame-like shapes of green, pink, and pale red, like a Bakst costume. This printed underwear was selling in the Russian stores this year throughout the country.

I sat on the train bed and wondered at the woman's abundant body with a sheen like that of a stone in a stream. And whether women who have passed the age of being a reed in a man's bed were right to will themselves angular with thinness. Whether we were cheating men of something that is due them. A sort of added gift to the earlier love. Some plentifulness that clothes belittle. I can not remember what my conclusions were. (That perhaps (Continued on page 241)

The idiosyncratic Church of the Protection of the Virgin, far left, with its nine onion domes, its rugged nobility of wood, less frenzied than its neighbour, the Church of the Transfiguration. Near left, the splendours of the Transfiguration's iconostasis, that brilliant partition in the church with icons of the Saviour, the Madonna, painted in rich, deep reds, violent greens, pastoral yellows, all set off in gilded carvings.





FLAMENCA RUMBA-

SPECTACULAR NEW STARS OF THE GYPSY DANCE OF SEDUCTION

With high animal grace, these young Spanish beauties, here and on the following pages, show their arched fall of line dancing rumba-flamenca. Faster, flintier, more fun than flamenco, more subtle, elaborate, and arrogant than rumba, this dance has sparked a new range of Spanish songs. Sung to swift handclaps and whipped guitars, their sound frees flamenco from its hard-held gypsy disciplines and the stretched metallic cries of deepsong. Celebrants of this new order, these dancers perform wearing what they like, where they like—onstage, in movies, on television, perhaps, as in these photographs, against the violent skies of Spain. Passions quickened, their bodies seem arrows of song in rhythmic dialogue with the language of the dance.

La Polaca

Sexy, temperamental, wearing a Manila shawl fringed against the Castilian sky, *opposite*, and on the following pages, dancing above flames in the silvered Guadarrama hills, she is the new superstar of Spain. A dancer, singer, and actress, she has appeared in three movies—one, *El Amor Brujo*, with the great flamenco dancer, Antonio Gades. Called "the Polish girl" by her Madrid family for her gibberish baby talk, La Polaca has released the marked tensions of flamenco with her honey-hipped wit, her young scorn.

La Chichi

Insolent, barefooted, in pants, she dances on the lime-washed roof of a Moorish house in Marbella, page 167, while her brothers El Juanucho, El Cancanilla, and El Manolo crack the air with handclaps and chants. Members of a huge clan of gypsies—some of whom were painted by Jean Cocteau—they all live together, spreading their rooms with the patterned Tangiers rugs worn on page 166 by La Chichi and El Cancanilla. Fishing, grilling their catch on the beaches of the Costa del Sol, these gypsies live with abandoned swagger.

La Contrahecha

Her body sinuous against the heavens of Toledo on page 168, La Contrahecha is called "the distorted one," an inverted tribute to her absolute female beauty. A Sevillana, she studied with the known flamenco teacher El Cojo, the limper, before flashing to fame as a star. Now performing all over the world, La Contrahecha, her flounced costumes especially designed, dances out the Andalusian demon, or *duende*, with swift pride.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN SPAIN BY RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

La Polaca











La Chichi and her brothers

RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN



La Contrahecha







RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

Claude Lalanne's extraordinary fantasy: the body sculptured in gold.

To adorn the body itself as jewellery ... over clothes, against bare skin.

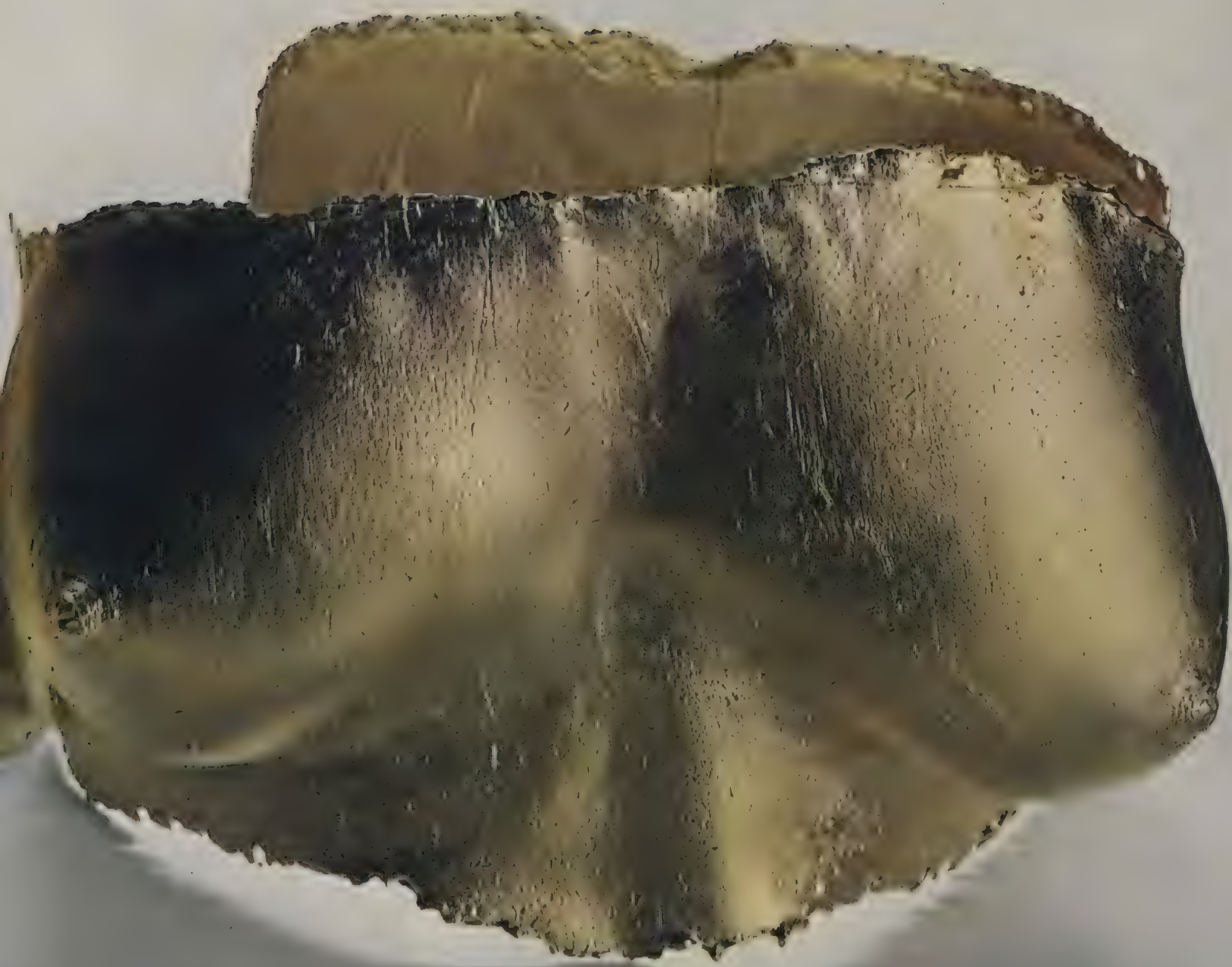
Here, the torso, the breasts, the mouth of Veruschka in vermeil.

Every part — texture of skin, beauty of line — cast in copper

from waxed moulds and dipped in gold.

PENN

BODY SCULPTURE



BODY SCULPTURE



The body ornamented in burnished brass, by Oscar Gustin for Ungaro.... Extravagant, fanciful, decorative as the painted eye—



a return to the love of self-adornment that runs through centuries, through civilizations. . . . It has never been stronger than it is today.

PENN



KIRDIS
of Cameroon

Noble, body-ornamented, living in the natural order—pagan believers in dreams and magic. Photographed in Africa by IRVING PENN

Faraway, bared, and beautiful, these animist tribes of central Africa believe that all natural objects and elements possess invisible powers and that their ancestral spirits live among them. Unconverted by nineteenth-century Fulani invaders from the Sahara, who called the various tribes Kirdis—the Islam word for "pagan"—and unconquered by Europeans, these peoples are among the most ancient in the world. From the desert sands south of Lake Chad to the tall peaks bordering Nigeria, thousands of Kirdis live in fortress villages of onion-domed huts in a northern thrust of Cameroon. Phenomena, rare and reluctantly changing as twentieth-century forces breach their isolation, they were photographed in these unique documents by Irving Penn as they have never been photographed before—and may never be again—and then only with the consent of the tribal chieftains in their perched villages on the Mandara Mountains and above the primordial volcanic cones of the Valley of the Moon.

In Cameroon, the Kirdis adorn their bodies with jewels to avert evil. Right: A market girl of Tourou, her earlobe pierced with a bamboo shoot. Above: A Falli bride, her nostrils and lips guarded by an aluminum disc.



KIRDIS
of Cameroon

warriors and virgins

of the Guider tribe who dance to flute and drum at the Festival of the Harvest in the village of Lam. Graceful, lithe, each girl carries a threshing tool. The young men, their ankles bound in iron rings, their hunting spears flying fur, wear plumes above their cowrie-shell masks.

PENN

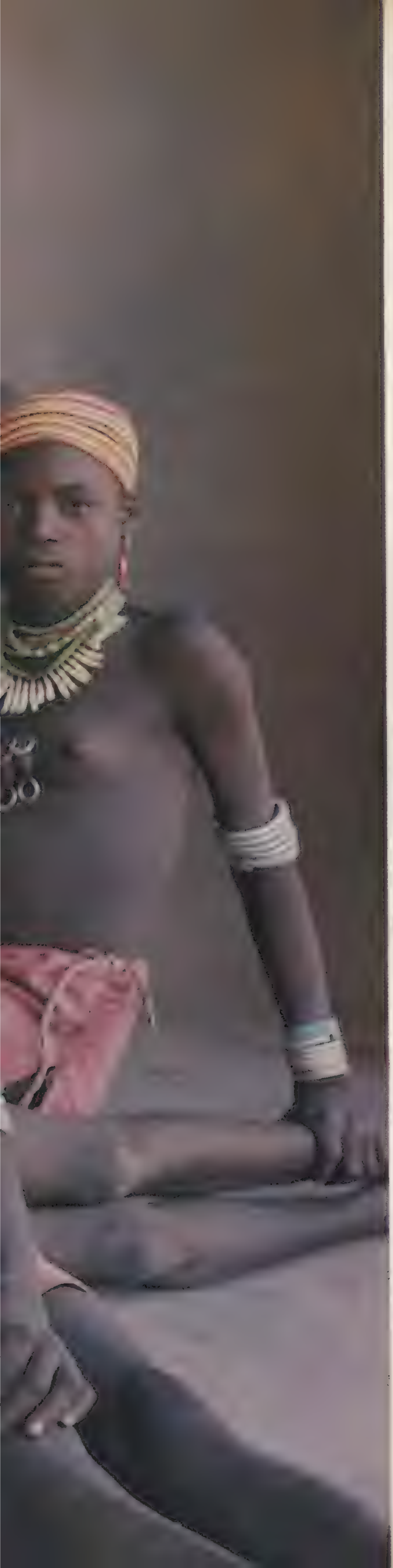
KIRDIS
of Cameroon

black olympias

Nubile, with the shine of polished teak, a Kapsiki girl from the Valley of the Moon, left. On market days, she bands her arms with bracelets and carries on her head a calabash for millet. A young beauty of Diamaré, right, with a nose ringlet of gold, bright belts tasselled in back, one holding her intricately woven cache-sexe fringed with cowrie shells.







KIRDIS
of Cameroon

By Mary Roblee Henry

African, disciplined, mystical, and polygamous, a chieftain in the patriarchal society of the Kirdis is sovereign of his tribe for the duration of his sexual potency. Each tribe guards its secrecy, the people barely moving from their walled villages of round red clay houses, called *bukavus*. The men hunt with poisoned spears and bow and arrow. The women, symbolic sisters of the earth, till the soil, often steep terraces of millet dipping to austere valleys where massive black boulders, seemingly flung from the flat, blue sky, form strange natural sculptures resembling gigantic stone Buddhas, beached whales, or herds of mastodons and dinosaurs. Only the women are allowed to divide the harvest. Man has the power of creation, but woman symbolizes the life cycle of reproduction, death, and rebirth. Virgins are initiated into esoteric rituals of fecundity: sexual rites, dances, and incantations to germinate the soil, for their desire is considered one with nature, and by their dreams and magic they may sow a plant or seed a child. A sequence of elaborate symbols averts evil spirits' entering their bodies—talismans, amulets, ear ornaments, and round aluminum lip and nose discs embossed with secret markings. Young girls wear layers of cache-sexes —a tightly-knotted leather thong, a carved iron plaque, a glitter of chain mail— to block out invisible demons, and, as a lure for fertility, exquisitely woven coloured beads bordered in white cowrie shells.

Rather than offering a dowry, a beautiful bride brings a high price. In the year of a prosperous harvest, the chieftain of the Podokwo tribe, for instance, may bring four new brides to join his seraglio in the hill town of Oudjila cliff-hanging at three thousand feet in the Mandara Massif. We explored the labyrinthine compound of the chieftain's twenty-five wives and forty children, seven of whom are shown, left. In a maze as dense and coiling as a micro-Minos, all lanes lead to the royal quarters, an anteroom—with a magazine photograph of President Kennedy tacked to the wall—and two connecting *bukavus*, each with a wide bed. "The chieftain receives two wives a night, switching from one to the other at midnight," our guide explained. "He may have a favourite, but he rotates all twenty-five evenly—in that way, no dramas."

Within the compound, each wife has her own condominium of four ochre-red towers. In her living keep, the bed is a split tree trunk raised on stones and covered in straw matting; the pillow, a curved wooden block. A smaller kitchen tower holds earthen water jars and utensils, moulded in marvellous organic forms, for cooking indoors during the rainy season. In fine weather, meals are prepared over a fire in the courtyard where babies and kids and chickens mingle around a pair of tall phallus-shaped silos storing millet. The women distribute the grain, climbing up a notched tree trunk to a round opening shielded by a calabash to keep the rapid, small *oiseaux de mouche*—fly birds —from darting in and out.

Oudjila has many festivals and ritual dances and the wives and daughters of the chieftain are kept in constant grandeur, wearing (Continued on page 237)

seraglio of oudjila

Splendid in their ornamental headdresses and jewels, seven of the wives and daughters, left, of the chieftain of the Podokwo tribe, who, influenced by Western mores, insisted on their posing partly clothed.

PENN





Kore-sculpture in cloth: mrs. wyatt emory cooper in her fabled fortuny dresses

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AVEDON

Of all the outdoor and indoor gowns that Mme. de Guermantes wore, those which seemed to respond to a definite intention, to be endowed with a special significance, were the garments made by Fortuny from old Venetian models. Is it their historical character, is it rather the fact that each one of them is unique that gives them so special significance that the pose of the woman who is wearing one while she waits for you to appear or while she talks to you assumes an exceptional importance as though the costume had been the fruit of a long deliberation. . . . MARCEL PROUST—"THE CAPTIVE"

In Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper, as in the Duchesse de Guermantes, the towering social figure of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past,* personal style exists ultimately as a natural appanage of character, personality, and station.

"The purest function of fashion is to make a woman feel her best self," says Mrs. Cooper. "Immaturity in anything shows itself in self-consciousness.

"The choice of what one wears or does not wear is profoundly individual," she adds, "so the development of true personal style comes through a natural process of selection, and fashion success from satisfying one's own special instincts and imagination."

Recently, Mrs. Cooper's fastidious fashion instinct and imagination were fired by her rediscovery of her own collection of Fortuny dresses.

Each is a full-length volute (Continued on page 243)

GLORIA COOPER







GLORIA COOPER

AVEDON



L-EYES-A

The eyes of Liza Minnelli, along with her vibe voice, her Raggedy Ann legs, give her away. This one is not a cool one. Fires, here. In her new film, *The Sterile Cuckoo*, she banks a funny, slick, first-love-on-campus story to the combustible edge of anguish. She is a laugh and a cry. She has intelligence, quick-sense, pity, and she spends them all in her eyes.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV TALKS ABOUT NABOKOV

The greatest living writer, author of the recent novel Ada, answers, with wit and subtlety, ten questions about his attitude towards his work.

QUESTION: Magic, sleight-of-hand, and other tricks have played quite a rôle in your fiction. Are they there for amusement or do they serve yet another purpose?

Nabokov: Deception is practised even more beautifully by that other V.N., Visible Nature. A useful purpose is assigned by science to animal mimicry, protective patterns and shapes, yet their refinement transcends the crude purpose of mere survival. In art, an individual style is essentially as futile and as organic as a fata morgana. The sleight-of-hand you mention is hardly more than an insect's sleight-of-wing. A wit might say that it protects me from half-wits. A grateful spectator is content to applaud the grace with which the masked performer melts into Nature's background.

QUESTION: In your autobiography, Speak, Memory, *you describe a series of concurrent, insignificant events around the world "forming an instantaneous and transparent organism of events," of which the poet (sitting in a lawn chair at Ithaca, New York) is the nucleus. How does this open out on your larger belief in the precedence of the imagination over the mind?*

Nabokov: The simultaneousness of these random events and, indeed, the fact of their occurring at all as described by the central percipient, would only then conform to "reality" if he had at his disposal the apparatus to reproduce those events optically within the frame of one screen; but the central figure in the passage you quote is not equipped with any kind of video attached to his lawn chair and must therefore rely on the power of pure imagination. Incidentally, I tend more and more to regard the objective existence of *all* events as a form of impure imagination—hence my inverted commas around "reality." Whatever the mind grasps, it does so with the assistance of creative fancy, that drop of water on a glass slide, which gives distinctness and relief to the observed organism.

QUESTION: 1969 marks the fiftieth anniversary of your first publication. What do that first book and your latest, Ada, *have in common? What of your intention and technique has changed, what has remained?*

Nabokov: My first publication, a collection of love poems, appeared not fifty, but fifty-three years ago. Several copies of it still lurk in my native country. The versification is fair; the lack of originality, complete. Ten years later, in 1926, my first novel, printed abroad in Russian, rendered that boyhood romance with a more acceptable glow, supplied, no doubt, by nostalgia, invention, and a dash of detachment. Finally, upon reaching middle age and, with it, a certain degree of precision in the use of my private English, I devoted a chapter of my memoir to the same theme, this time adhering faithfully to the actual past. As to flashes of it in my fiction, I alone can judge if details that look like bits of my "real" self in this or that novel of mine are as authentic as Adam's rib in the most famous of garden scenes. The best part of a writer's biography is not the record of his adventures but the story of his style. Only in that light can one properly assess the relationship, if any, between my first heroine and my recent Ada. While two ancestral parks may be *generically* alike, true art deals not with the genus, and not even with the species, but with an aberrant individual of the species. Raisins of fact in the cake of fiction are many stages removed from the initial grape. I have accumulated enough aphorisms here to make it seem that your question about *Ada* has been answered.

QUESTION: You are reported to have said that you live more in the future than in the present or past—in spite of your preoccupation with memory. Can you say why this is?

Nabokov: I do not recall the exact wording of that statement. Presumably I meant that in professional action I look forward rather than back, as I try to foresee the evolution of the work in progress, try to perceive the fair copy in the crystal of my inkstand, try to read the proof long before it is printed by projecting into an imagined section of time the growth of the book, whose every line belongs to the present moment, which in its turn is nothing but the ever rising horizon of the past. Using another, more emotional metaphor, I might concede, however, that I keep the tools of my trade, memories, experiences, sharp shining things constantly around me, upon me, within me, the way instruments are stuck into the loops and flaps of a mechanician's magnificently elaborate overalls.

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QUESTION: You are often superficially linked to a handful of international writers like Beckett and Borges. Do you feel any affinity with them or with your other contemporaries?

Nabokov: Oh, I am well aware of those commentators: slow minds, hasty typewriters! They would do better to link Beckett with Maeterlinck and Borges with Anatole France. It might prove more instructive than gossiping about a stranger.

QUESTION: You have witnessed extraordinary changes in your lifetime and maintained an "aesthetic distance." Would you consider this a matter of your temperament or a quality you had to cultivate?

Nabokov: My aloofness is an illusion resulting from my never having belonged to any literary, political, or social coterie. I am a lone lamb. Let me submit, however, that I have bridged the "aesthetic distance" in my own way by means of such absolutely final indictments of Russian and German totalitarianism as my novels *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Bend Sinister*.

QUESTION: Gogol found a most congenial biographer in you. Whom would you choose, free of time, to be your biographer, and why would you make your choice?

Nabokov: This congeniality is another illusion. I loathe Gogol's moralistic slant, I am depressed and puzzled by his utter inability to describe young women, I deplore his obsession with religion. Verbal inventiveness is not really a bond between authors, it is merely a garland. He would have been appalled by my novels and denounced as vicious the innocent, and rather superficial, little sketch of his life that I produced twenty-five years ago. Much more successful, because based on longer and deeper research, was the life of Chernyshevski (in my novel *The Gift*), whose works I found risible but whose fate moved me more strongly than did Gogol's. What Chernyshevski would have thought of it is another question—but at least the plain truth of documents is on my side. That, and only that, is what I would ask of my biographer—plain facts, no symbol-searching, no jumping at attractive but preposterous conclusions, no Marxist bunkum, no Freudian rot.

QUESTION: The maps and diagrams—your entomological proof that Gregor Samsa was a dung beetle and not a cockroach—are now well-known artifacts of your teaching literature at Cornell. What other refreshing antidotes to current literary criticism might you suggest?

Nabokov: In my academic days I endeavoured to provide students of literature with exact information about details, about such combinations of details as yield the sensual spark without which a book is dead. In that respect, general ideas are of no importance. Any ass can assimilate the main points of Tolstoy's attitude toward adultery, but in order to enjoy Tolstoy's art the good reader must wish to visualize, for instance, the arrangement of a railway carriage on the Moscow-Petersburg night train as it was a hundred years ago. Here diagrams are most helpful. Instead of perpetuating the pretentious nonsense of Homeric, chromatic, and visceral chapter headings, instructors should prepare maps of Dublin with Bloom's and Stephen's intertwining itineraries clearly traced. Without a visual perception of the larch labyrinth in *Mansfield Park*, that novel loses some of its stereographic charm, and unless the façade of Dr. Jekyll's house is distinctly reconstructed in the student's mind, the enjoyment of Stevenson's story can not be perfect.

QUESTION: There is a great deal of easy talk about the "death of language" and the "obsolescence of books." What are your views on the future of literature?

Nabokov: I am not overly preoccupied with tomorrow's books. All I would welcome is that in the future editions of my works, especially in paperback, a few misprints were corrected.

QUESTION: Is it right for a writer to give interviews?

Nabokov: Why not? Of course, in a strict sense, a poet, a novelist, is not a public figure, not an exotic potentate, not an international lover, not a person one would be proud to call Jim. I can quite understand people wanting to know my writings but I can not sympathize with anybody wanting to know me. As a human specimen, I present no particular fascination. My habits are simple, my tastes banal, I would not exchange my favourite fare (bacon and eggs, beer) for the most misspelt menu in the world. I irritate some of my best friends by the relish with which I list the things I hate—nightclubs, yachts, circuses, pornographic shows, the soulful eyes of naked men with lots of Guevara hair in lots of places. It may seem odd that such a modest and unassuming person as I should not disapprove of the widespread practice of self-description. No doubt some literary interviews are pretty awful: trivial exchanges between sage and stooge, or even worse, the French kind, starting "*Jeanne Dupont, qui êtes-vous?*" (who indeed!) and sporting such intolerable vulgarisms as "*insolite*" and "*écriture*" (French weeklies, please note!). I do not believe that speaking about myself can encourage the sales of my books. What I really like about the better kind of public colloquy is the opportunity it affords me to construct in the presence of my audience the semblance of what I hope is a plausible and not altogether displeasing personality.

CHANEL and HEPBURN

Les Grandes Mam'selles, stars of "Coco"

Rebels, fiery forces, these two unique silver hammers are linked in "Coco," the new musical that will open later this month. Katharine Hepburn plays Gabrielle Chanel, known the world over as Coco. That tough-minded French designer, who fits the word genius like an almond its shell, forcefully changed the look of women from the past and shot them forcefully into the twentieth century, and has kept right on. Both Chanel and Hepburn are stubborn charmers, wily craftsmen, wise in their work; and, fortunately, they know it. For "Coco," Frederick Brisson, persistent and persuasive, put together a masterly assembly of talents: Alan Jay Lerner, who has the right amount of neuroticism for the theatre, to do the lyrics and book; André Previn, whose scores are freshly melodious; and Cecil Beaton, who has designed the sets and the Beaton costumes with an illusion of Chanel. The sum of the show: Hepburn as Chanel singing the Lerner-Previn song "Always Mademoiselle." That is Chanel's only title.

Katharine Hepburn, dressed by Hepburn, photographed by Cecil Beaton, the English portraitist, *this page*.
Gabrielle Chanel, dressed by Chanel, painted by Peter Blake, the English Pop portraitist, *opposite page*.
For a remembrance of Chanel by Sir Francis Rose, see page 116.

"COCO CHANEL," 1967, BY PETER BLAKE. JOSEPH H. HIRSHHORN COLLECTION.









The Art Institute of Chicago

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ISLAND
OF LA GRANDE JATTE, 1884–1886.
Georges Seurat

"All nature is but art,

unknown to thee; / All chance, direction, which thou canst not see." Except you can. As clearly as you can see the sunlit discipline of Seurat you can see direction on those rare, risked occasions when an event slips its man-made plans and becomes a phenomenon, pulling order, unexpected, from chaos—and, at the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, from mud. "Gettysburg," they called it. A plague of people. A slough. A three-day anguish that no one who was there regrets: Hundreds of thousands of kids come together to enjoy each other in the presence of music, and of peace. They knew about art and nature what Alexander Pope wrote in 1773. They lived for a weekend in the still eye of a hurricane.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE
FARM OF MAX YASGUR, 1969.

"Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field; . . .
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; . . ."
William Shakespeare: "Henry V"; circa 1598

WILL BRYANT—CAMERA 5



Philadelphia Museum of Art. W. P. Wilstach Collection.

THE BATHERS, 1898–1905.
Paul Cézanne

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very heaven!" So it was at the Woodstock festival, although no one stopped complaining for a minute, especially about the four young promoters whose hypedream of profit got away from them and became a mass vision that rolled up out of Oregon and New Mexico and Florida and trampled down a dairy farm. Under blame lay bliss the equal to that William Wordsworth wrote of in 1805. The cause was the music; the effect became the people. Living with joy and without affectation. On a rain-struck night, looking out over the hunched multitude, Arlo Guthrie cried out his love: "Hey, man, you're a bunch of freaks."

THE BATHERS, 1969.
"The most evident token and apparent sign of true wisdom is a constant and unconstrained rejoicing."
Montaigne: "Essays"; 1571-1580

BONNIE FREER—COM





Musée National du Louvre—Giraudon photograph

LE DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE. 1863.
Edouard Manet

"Let the world know how groovy you can be,"

Richie Havens shouted on Friday from the raw plank stage as high as a house. For three days the inhabitants of "a city of nearly half a million without buildings" showed. Their one-to-one, all-to-all charity caught. Whether peace depended on pot became beside the point: The police weren't drugged nor were the show-me citizens of farmland New York. "It's all right," they said, and "They're wonderful kids," and "They couldn't have known what they were getting into; we've got to take care of them." Strangers? To whom? "You're here, and it's big, and it's going to be bigger," said Richie Havens, "so go with it." A share of the world did.

PICNIC ON THE CAMPGROUND, 1969.

"What was any art but a mould in which to imprison for a moment the shining, elusive element which is life itself. . . ."

Willa Cather: "The Song of the Lark"; 1915

BONNIE FREER—CDM





Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. A. Conger Goodyear Collection.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD
WATCHING, 1892.
Paul Gauguin

"Rhythm is life, you know."

Jimi Hendrix said that early Monday morning to the remnant fifty or sixty thousand for whom exhaustion had slipped into euphoria. He added, "Melody is love. The melody is when you find your lady." And the song is youth and life, and singing it together. An eighteen-year-old girl only regretted John Lennon's absence with his song that has become an anthem, "All we are saying is give peace a chance." No one who undertook this once-in-a-world weekend will ever, possibly, be quite the same again. Nor will the consideration of the young by those who paid attention to them be the same again. Ever. Quite.

THE SPIRIT OF THE YOUNG SLEEPING, 1969.

"O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place,
grant me to become beautiful in the inner man."
Socrates: In Plato's "Phaedrus"; 416-415 B.C.

JASON LAURE—PIX



Free, profuse, strong as a wolf, the poppy is vital, persistent

by Anthony West

The perennial Oriental poppy of the Moslem Levant is the poppy of all poppies. It makes a plant as strong as a wolf, and as coarsely hairy, that grows with a ragged freedom and profuseness, but its claims to be considered the ultimate poppy don't rest on its enormous vitality and persistence. These are disclosed when the rough hides of the oval buds of its commonest variety split. When that happens a great double handful of exquisitely soft petals, textured like the finest imaginable satin, swells out of the furry case flaming with the most vibrantly brilliant orange-red in all nature. While this colour is in itself phenomenal, what makes the flower a marvel is that at the base of each of its dazzling petals there is a spot of darkness as intensely and powerfully black as its redness is red. The contrast between the two absolutes of hot and cold, colour and anti-colour, being and not being, set up by that fingerprint of nothingness on the vital flame of the petal is emblematic of this strange flower's ambiguous essence.

In its commonest form, as the thin-stemmed and wiry field poppy, the annual *papaver rhoeas,* the flower belongs to Demeter, the goddess of harvest and summer. For anyone who has farmed anywhere in the Old World where grain is grown, the red blaze of drifts of field poppies in among the white gold of ripe barley, or the warmer gold of wheat straw, is part of the happiness of the crown of the year, the very colour of the time when the earth yields up its richness and abundance most generously, of joy in life. But that bright weed, that steals its living in the standing corn, has as its polar opposite the poppy that is grown as a crop, not to feed those who are hungry, but to yield up the milk of paradise to those drinkers of darkness whose greatest longing is for dreams, forgetfulness, and oblivion. This is *papaver somniferum,* the juicy, almost rubbery, smooth-leaved, smooth-stemmed, annual plant whose foliage is a strangely other-worldly bluish green, and whose flowers range from a bluish red through a variety of mauves, violets, and pinks to a startlingly pure and waxy white. This white poppy, which belonged to Morpheus, the softly smiling Roman god of sleep, and the Greek Hypnos, is the preferred variety throughout the Middle East and wherever else poppy juice, the mother of opium, is harvested.

So these two flowers, the butterfly-light red field poppy, and the heavy-headed opium poppy are, in a sense, the banners of the empires of light and darkness that are always in contention within the human heart. The red poppy is the (Continued on page 238)



'Showgirl'



A trance of poppies

photographed by Irving Penn



'Royal Robe'



'Burgundy'


PENN

'Arab Chief'

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

by jean kerr

MY 21-MINUTE SHAPE-UP

I am one of those tiresome people who *will* accept a fifth canapé while protesting to the empty air, "I've got to stop eating these things, I'm too fat now." Usually, when my mutterings are overheard, there is some loyal soul at hand to console me. "It's all right," this philosopher says, "you're tall, you can carry it."

I don't know why I have ever allowed myself to be soothed by this observation. When you come to think of it, it doesn't make any sense at all. Carry it *where?* I can't carry it in my two hands in front of me. And all the other places are unsuitable and unbecoming.

However, the day came when a True Friend placed herself between me and a platter of stuffed eggs and said. pleasantly but firmly, "You *are* too fat and I am sending you a copy of *Miss Craig's Twenty-One Day Shape-up Program.*" Actually, I knew all about this book because two ladies in my neighbourhood who had applied themselves to the text have become so slender and so supple that I'm not sure I quite like them any more.

In any case, my copy arrived and the reason I didn't start then is because we had a lot of leftover potato salad to use up. Subsequently we have had houseguests. I can't exercise when I have houseguests. I can't even read the morning paper in the evening when I have houseguests. And since others may find themselves in this same boat (rocking, rocking, and beginning to sink), I have devised my own twenty-one minute shape-up program:

1. Exercise for the Nose. 2 minutes. Stand in front of a good mirror. Press your upper teeth down over your lower lip until the entire lower lip is covered with teeth. Lift your nose into the air and wrinkle it until you look rather like a rabbit. Stare at this image for a full minute. Now allow your face to relax. You will be forcibly struck with the improvement in your appearance now that you no longer look like a rabbit.

2. Exercise for Scruffy Elbows. 3 to 5 minutes. (If you can't tell whether or not your elbows are scruffy, ask somebody.) Cut a lemon in half. Scoop out most of the pulp. Heat a little olive oil in a small saucepan. Pour the oil into the lemon cups. Then rest your elbows in the lemon cups. The whole point of this procedure is to give you a little rest. For, while you are actually in the lemon cups, you can't do anything else whatsoever. You can't even file your nails, because the least little jiggling will cause the oil to ooze out all over the table. If one of the children comes in and asks you what you are doing, refuse to answer. For those who worry about such things, I have been assured that this exercise is in no way injurious to the elbows.

3. Facial Mask for Toning Up the Complexion. 4 minutes. 30 seconds. Make a facial mask with one cup of butterscotch ice cream and three tablespoons of baby oil. (The purpose of the baby oil is to keep you from licking the ice cream.) Apply this liberally all over the face. (You may wish to use rubber gloves because it's pretty cold.) Stand close over a sink, because it does drip. After the ice cream has completely melted off your face (the time varies with the heat of the bathroom), rinse your face with lukewarm water and clean up the floor. This should be very beneficial for your circulation. And, what is more to the point, after several applications you will find that you no longer wish to eat ice cream in any flavour, which certainly is a step in the right direction.

4. Exercise for Abdomen and Upper Arms. Time: I'll just have to give you some leeway here, it could take all day if you're unlucky. Find an old bathing suit that is a size too small for you. If it should turn out that your new, or current, bathing suit is a size too small for you, you will of course save the time it takes to hunt all over the attic for an old one. Put on the bathing suit. And—this is important—do not get any help in closing the zipper. There is no exercise so efficacious for the upper arms as the effort involved in closing the back zipper of a tight bathing

suit. Many women report that before they complete the last five inches of the zipper they are gasping heavily. This is very good for the upper abdomen muscles. If you have any doubt about this, just place your hand gently on your upper abdomen and give a loud gasp. You will sense that the abdomen is definitely doing something.

5. Exercise for the Upper Thigh. 4 minutes and not a second longer. Holding firmly to the two sides of the refrigerator, raise your right leg behind you until it forms a right angle with your body. Now raise it higher still until the whole leg throbs. Repeat, using left leg. Continue this exercise until you have reached the state of mind where it is perfectly clear to you that you would prefer to have flabby legs rather than put yourself through this kind of thing. Now, open the refrigerator and make yourself a small snack, which you are certainly entitled to. And, speaking of snacks, do you find it as heartening as I do to know that even chocolate milk shakes are not so high in calories or so fattening as an equal amount of cod-liver oil? Once you have grasped that fact, you will not keep loose bottles of cod-liver oil lying about the house.

6. 10-Minute Reading Interval. Early in the week tear out of newspapers and magazines articles which you judge to have a special interest for you. *I* gravitate to those pieces which remind me that I am not the only person in this world who has problems. For instance, a piece that made me more willing to hoe my own lonely row came from a British weekly. It was captioned "Liz and Burton Plagued with Problems as They Refurbish Yacht." Now those who have never tried to decorate a yacht will make light of the difficulties, but I assure you it was hell. The panelling, brought over piece by piece from Florence, didn't fit. Workmen dropped a large onyx table on the gangplank and it was badly chipped. (The table: God knows what happened to the gangplank.) Worst of all, the inlaid carpeting had been entirely installed when it was discovered that the manufacturer had forgotten to have it Scotchgard-ed or Welsh-guarded or whatever it is you do to make the world safe from irresponsible terriers.

This last oversight was discovered, or—to be more explicit—revealed by one of the Burton dogs, short minutes after the last carpet tack was nailed down. I am eagerly awaiting the follow-up story. Did the Burtons get rid of the carpeting or the dogs? (One supposes they made the usual compromise and simply rearranged the furniture.)

Another item that brought me cheer was a short piece that appeared in our local newspaper. "Heart Attacks Rare Among the Mentally Ill," the headline ran. Reading on eagerly, I learned that mentally ill persons are not sufficiently well organized to react to stress. Being unable to grasp what a mess we're all in, they do not worry. And it is this lack of worry that reduces heart strain. You didn't know that, did you? However, the mentally ill *are* subject to respiratory ailments. The article doesn't say why, but I assume that mentally ill persons just don't have sense enough to come in out of the rain. Now you will wonder why I take heart from this theory, or why, indeed, I identify with mental cases. I'll tell you. The simplest definition of a mentally ill person is, to me, the most acceptable: that is, a person who does not function properly in the environment, "one who does not cope." I do not cope. Of course, I cope every so often, but there are whole days, even weeks, when my behaviour is, to put the best face on things, eccentric. Last Monday it took me two hours to find my car in the parking lot in front of Korvette's in Scarsdale. One reason for this is that Korvette's has an enormous lot. Another reason is that I was looking for a beat-up white Chevy whereas, it turned out, I was that day driving a beat-up brown Buick. This became clear as the store closed and the other cars drove away.

I also got very wet, as a sharp rain started up during my search. Knowing myself to be subject to respiratory ailments, I decided to take a hot bath and hot toddy when I returned home. But first I set the oven to 325° and put in the leg of lamb for dinner. I returned to the kitchen two hours later, feeling much restored, and found that I had neglected to turn the oven *On* to Bake. Do you see why I feel so certain that I will never have a heart attack?

7. End of Reading Interval. It's good to stretch the mind as well as the body once in a while.

8. Exercise for the Will Power. Time: 1 minute for every 10 pounds you are overweight, considering 4 minutes as an absolute ceiling. Still wearing that tight bathing suit, stand in front of a full-length mirror. Turn so that you are in profile. Lower your chin until it almost reaches your collarbone. Let your arms dangle. Allow the stomach muscles to sag completely. (Your average stomach muscle is only too willing to sag even without permission.) In this sorry posture, gaze into the mirror until tears of self-pity actually begin to well up in your eyes. Some women will be reminded of those last troubled weeks before the twins were born. I myself think of a horrendously over-endowed Samoan woman whose picture appeared in an early issue of the *National Geographic*. Remember when you were a size 12, and everybody said you looked just like Loretta Young? (Oh, time, go backward in your flight!)

But never mind the past. You are here eyeball to eyeball with reality. And there is no use recriminating. You've got to change the menu. Of course it is easier and cheaper to feed the kids what they really like, which is spaghetti and macaroni and chili and lasagna and large leaden cheeseburgers brought in from a roadside stand. But your path lies elsewhere. Are you a woman or are you a mouse? Are you a molehill or are you a mountain? All right, we're not going to cry and we're not going to panic. We're going to take steps and not be like those women who, as my husband says, watch their weight constantly. They don't do anything about it, they just watch it.

9. Exercise to Restore Lost Nerve. Time: add up all previous times and subtract them from the basic 21 minutes; if you find that you are already over 21 minutes, so do I. Remove that ghastly bathing suit and put on a garment that is a lot too big for you. Any old maternity dress is good. And if you can't find one, put on your husband's bathrobe. If his bathrobe isn't a lot too big for you, I'm afraid you are in deep trouble and I don't think I can help you. I don't think even Miss Craig can help you. You get a little of that weight off and come back to see us then.

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, 1969

SAMUEL BECKETT *talks about* BECKETT

He speaks in whispers: "The major sin is the sin of being born." A long silence weaves itself around the phrase. His head is bowed. Slowly, he lifts his face. His eyes meet mine. They are cold, dispassionate eyes, pale blue, set in a skeletal face, lined and craggy.

Samuel Beckett, winner of the 1969 Nobel Prize in Literature, breaks the silence once more: "Even before the fetus can draw breath it is in a state of barrenness and of pain. I have a clear memory of my own fetal existence. It was an existence where no voice, no possible movement could free me from the agony and darkness I was subjected to."

Beckett was in New York. (It was his one visit to America.) I was invited to meet him. Only his American publisher was with us. Beckett did not wish to be interviewed—he shunned publicity and did not wish it to be known that he was here. The room in which we sat was charged with a disquieting hostility. Finally, sensing my reluctance to intrude upon his extreme shyness, his diffidence eased.

"It is impossible for me to talk about my writing," he tells me. "It is impossible because I am constantly working in the dark. It would be like an insect leaving his cocoon. I can only estimate my work from within. If my work has any meaning at all, it is due more to ignorance, inability, and an intuitive despair than to any individual strength. I think that I have perhaps freed myself from certain formal concepts. Perhaps, like the composer Schönberg or the painter Kandinsky, I have turned toward an abstract language. Unlike them, however, I have tried not to concretize the abstraction—not to give it yet another formal context."

In awarding Beckett the Nobel Prize, Karl Ragnar Gierow, secretary of the Swedish Academy, said: "The degradation of humanity is a recurrent theme in Beckett's writing, and to this extent his philosophy, simply accentuated by elements of the grotesque and of tragic farce, can be said to be a negativism that knows no haven. But Samuel Beckett has a love of mankind that grows in understanding as it plumbs further into the depths of abhorrence."

Beckett may or may not agree. It is almost certain he will not commit himself on this or any other point. He does not react to praise, nor to criticism. He is elusive and guarded. He lives quietly and simply in Paris. Born in Ireland on April 3, 1906, he moved to France in the 1920's. His first two novels, *Murphy* and *Watt*, were written in English. His subsequent novels, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, *The Unnamable*, and *How It Is*, were written in French. Later, he translated these into English. There was no success. Then, in 1953, his play *Waiting for Godot* ignited the imagination of an international public.

The play's relentless bleakness, couched in a wry, desperate humour, contrived to illuminate the human condition in ways that were as enigmatic as they were theatrical, confounding, touching upon cores of futility and nothingness. This nihilistic vision continued to be celebrated in the plays that followed. *Krapp's Last Tape*, *Happy Days*, and *Play* found his characters immersed in the remorseless agonies of existence. But far from being stupefying exercises in despair, these works reverberated with an inverse optimism —they transformed images of agony into arid landscapes of enormous beauty where human values were placed in singular and penetrating perspective.

There are no landmarks in Beckett's world. We are all adrift. We must invent a world to survive, but even the invented world is invaded by fear and guilt, and all seems rooted in hopelessness.

And now, in this room with its muted lights, Beckett stares at the floor. An expression of infinite loss and depression moves across his face. Suddenly he says, "Writing becomes not easier, but more difficult for me. Every word is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness." His words are barely audible, as though he did not wish to give actual sound to his thoughts. But he adds, "Democritus pointed the way: 'Naught is more than nothing.' "

Between the years 1928 and 1930 Beckett knew James Joyce. Was it a close friendship, I ask? "Well, yes, we were friends. But for years people have insisted that I was Joyce's secretary. Nothing could be further from the truth. If that were the case, then Joyce had at least twenty-five secretaries. The fact is, all his friends helped Joyce in the years his eyesight failed him. I was merely one of them. I did odd jobs for him, and I read to him. I found books that would interest him and would read passages out loud to him. I was not influenced by his work, as many people have also suggested. I can only say that Joyce had a moral effect on me—he made me realize artistic integrity."

Samuel Beckett hated his stay in New York. He disliked its tempo and the quality of its people. "People look unhappy here. Even young housewives with their heavy shopping bags carry about them a sense of despair. And I sense great hostility in the faces of the men. But, of course, that's inevitable. It is the weight of every man's fear and emptiness that produces this look. Somewhere he must know that self-perception is the most frightening of all human observations. He must know that when man faces himself, he is looking into the abyss."

text and photograph
BY JOHN GRUEN



IRAN BORN PERSIA

"A Passing Suggestion of Paradise"

BY JAMES MORRIS

In 1935 the reforming autocrat Reza Shah Pahlavi decreed that his country should no longer be called Persia at all. Persia was the name, as he rightly said, of a particular region—Fars, which provided the first imperial dynasty and gave its language to the nation but which was, after all, only one among many provinces. In the future, Reza Shah announced, his kingdom would be called Iran.

Somehow, though, "Persia" rose above it all. It was a name that meant so much to the world: It was a figure of ancient splendours, poetry, turquoise domes in rose gardens, turbanned sportsmen in the Maidan of Isfahan, Hentyan crises of Victorian imperialism, Omar Khayyam, the Silk Route, the host of Xerxes approaching the pass at Thermopylae, dromedaries and miniatures, wines of Shiraz, nightingales, Persian carpets, Persian markets, Persian cats (and Persian ticks, so the Oxford Dictionary warily suggests—"*Argas persicus*, found in houses in some parts of Persia").

Rich mixtures have made Persia what she is: cultural strains from all quarters, elixirs of snow peak and desert and rain belt, crisscross traffic of trade and strategy. Through, around, and over her the great world passes. Like a farmhouse left defiant between motorways, she has absorbed many an alien noise and odour, and accustomed herself to startling changes of pace, while insisting constantly and sometimes testily on her rights.

Persia has been repeatedly invaded during her history, and her rulers have often been foreigners, yet the Persians have remained remarkably themselves. Scores of racial and religious minorities enrich Persian society, Jews and Zoroastrians and White Russians and Armenians, Turcomans and Arabs and tribal strains from the Baluchi to the Kurdish, yet the people of the central plateau are recognizable anywhere. They are a dark, slight, hook-nosed, handsome lot. They have been given a dingy look by their adoption of Western clothes, generally of drab textile and obsolete cut, but they still have Assyrian, bas-relief profiles, and their black eyes glint with an evasive humour, as though they wished to make you laugh but had no intention of explaining the joke.

Foreigners frequently find something inexplicable about the Persians. They are a gifted, civilized, and exceptionally charming people but hard to catch. Their processes of thought are not apparent to Western minds. Old Persia hands used to say that if you asked a Persian which was his left ear, he would put his right hand behind his head and point it out from behind. Robert Byron, that irascible English traveller of the 1930's, made it plain in 230 pages of a clever and very funny book that he never really got to grips with Persian intentions, and intelligent Persian-speaking foreigners today often admit to an intellectual block: "*We don't know how well we know them.*" Miles and miles from anywhere in the Persian desert one day I saw two respectably dressed middle-aged men riding bicycles with bright panniers across the horribly corrugated surface of the sand. "What on earth are they doing?" I asked my Persian companion. "They are cyclists," he replied.

Such erratic and disarming finality is one of the strengths of Persia—the strength of a *non sequitur*, which is unanswerable because of the blank in the middle. A lack of apparent logic, or rather logic well camouflaged, has helped Persia to retain her deeper dignity through many vicissitudes and humiliations.

Out of Islam, the desert creed, came the preoccupation with oasis delights that has become so characteristic of Persia. The Arabs created their earthly paradises chiefly in the mind, imagining the gardens of Damascus to be far lovelier than they were, and clothing in hyperbole many a drab water hole or date grove. The Persians, seizing upon the fancy, turned it into fact. They made the desert a foil to their art and used it as a painter uses a frame.

The wall, a structural necessity both of desert life and of Islamic marriage, became in Persian hands an aesthetic device. The Persians became masters of the enclave, the secret garden, the courtyard, the arcade, the mini- (Continued on page 245)

H.I.M. EMPRESS FARAH *of Iran, the first Moslem Empress to be crowned in twenty-five hundred years of Persian history, is, in addition, the first wife of a Shah even to be present at a coronation. Taking an equally unprecedented further step, in 1967 the Iranian Constituent Assembly amended the constitution to name Empress Farah regent—to rule Iran should her husband die. Encouraging this monarchical about-face, H.I.M. Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi had three powerful reasons: his abiding interest in the emancipation of all Iranian women; his wish to protect the dynasty; and his remarkable wife, the Empress Farah. Now expecting their fourth child, she has youth, exceptional warmth, persistence, organizational ability, and a practical intelligence: She would rather see money spent on schools than on ceremony —and works at it. Once an architectural student in Paris, she cares about Iran's building programs and about its arts: She was photographed here for Vogue wearing antique gold Persian jewellery and a dress like those worn by women in the south of Persia. Ringed by protocol, beset by the staggering problems of a great ancient country hurtling late into the twentieth century, Empress Farah is beautiful, thoughtful, aware, wanting in hubris but not in humour or courage; in fact, a queen for these days.*



HENRY CLARKE

H.I.M. EMPRESS FARAH PAHLAVI, SHAHBANOU OF IRAN

Persian-blue gardens of the sun...

20 PAGES, PHOTOGRAPHED IN IRAN BY HENRY CLARKE

Enchanting sun fashions in the clearest of colours, the purest new cuts and shapes, blazing here under the sun of Iran that has shone on a history of enchantments—rose bowers, the *Rubáiyát,* perfumes and silks, splendid cats and carpets, all the lore and magnificence of an ancient empire. Clear blue clothes, reflecting skies that outblue postcards, and the fantastic blues of tilework done by craftsmen who knew, long ago, that nothing under the sun is prettier than blue. Clear pinks with the glow of sunsets. Yellows, reds, prints, with a dazzling clarity. All they need is a sun to follow. Or a moon—of delight. . . .

PERSIAN BLUES—PRINTED, TIE-DYED, PUFFED, marvellous against the blue tiles of Isfahan—a long wrapped robe of tie-dyed panne velvet, *opposite,* the blue streaking into silvery white, a deep edge of green; blue jersey pants tied into puffs. Robe by Halston. Pants by Sibley-Coffee. . . . Tilework: the Shrine of Haroun Valayat. *Above,* a wool caftan, blue scrolled in yellow and white, gilt-chain cuffs. By Chester Weinberg. . . . Background here, the Shrine of Darbe Emam, in Isfahan. All coiffures and the headwraps, these pages, by Christophe Carita.





THE PERSIAN BLUES—
FLUTTERS OF WHITE

Blue-tile blue with bouquets of white, *above,*
making big abstract checks on a long silk dress to wear
like a caftan on a starry night—high square neck, a white leather
tape tied just under the bosom. From the Geoffrey Beene Bazaar. . . .:
Setting: the roof of the Shrine of Darbe Emam, in Isfahan.
Fringed blue, *opposite above,* in georgette—a long covering dress with
wrapped sash, triangular shawl edged in white fringe. Hair in
unbraided braids with blue Dynel tassels. Dress by Sarmi.
Bright-blue cowled chiffon pyjamas, *opposite below,* with sleeves that bare
the arms, pants that bare the legs. With braided hair tied in blue cords, a chain of
blue stars. Pyjamas by Stavropoulos. . . . Both backgrounds, *opposite:* the Royal
Chahar Bagh School, in Isfahan. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





THE PERSIAN BLUES—
LONG-SLEEVED,
LONG-LEGGED

Cut-velvet caftan, *left*, slashed down to the waist and up to the hip—Persian-blue and breezy white flowers swirling all the way over sunny skin. By Bill Blass....The blue-tiled walls of the Shrine of Haroun Valayat circle into the background. Pleated plaid shirtdress, *above right*, dotting Persian blue with white as far as it goes—just from the snug round neck to the thigh-high hem. By Barbarella. Snakeskin print shirtdress, *below right*, coiled round and round by its sash. With the dash of a vibrant pink silk cap and a Persian-blue jewel on the brow. Jersey dress by Scott Barrie.... The brilliant tiles of the eighteenth-century Royal Chahar Bagh School in Isfahan panel the background of this page. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE



THE PERSIAN BLUES:
SHIRTDRESS,
SHIRT-TUNIC,
SHIRT-CHEMISE

[illegible] shirtdress, [illegible]
[illegible] shirtdress, [illegible] and [illegible]
long, long [illegible] head [illegible]
[illegible] deeply sharp
[illegible] with a Persian [illegible]
[illegible] up and Persian [illegible]
[illegible] on the [illegible].
Dress by Adele [illegible].
Persian [illegible] and [illegible] print,
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible]
gold-laced [illegible] and [illegible]
as delicious [illegible]
dinner pants By Vera.
Persian-blue chiffon
shirt-chemise, *near left*, falling
languidly past a tumble of
ropes and tassels—to mid-calf
over straight blue pants. By
Elinor Simmons for
Malcolm Starr. . . . Both pages
photographed in Isfahan
against the blue-tiled walls of
the Royal Chahar Bagh
School. Fashion details, next
to last page of this issue.



THE PERSIAN BLUES--OSTRICH IN FULL SWAY

Lauren Hutton, *left*, is swayed by flurries of Persian-blue ostrich drifting out from a soft little silk crêpe cone -- far-circling yards wrap one arm like a cape, leave the other bare. Dinner dress by Cardin. Ostrich feathers a tunic, *right*, floating airily over satin crêpe dinner pants, and an ostrich boa held in one hand trails seduction as lightly as scent. By Andrew Woods. ..The frework of light and silv... shimmering like a blaze of jewels forms the mirror... Golestan Palace in Tehran. Fashion details...

HENRY CLARKE





THE PERSIAN BLUES—
SOFT LITTLE JERSEYS

Pale, bright, clear, utterly
sky-catching—the blue, *opposite,* of soft little
jersey dresses. One with a deep wide V-neck front
and back, and folds of cloth making a
ripple of sleeves. Behind it, the same blue
jersey wrapped with white
for a long-sleeved dress
with short, flared skirt. Both by B. H. Wragge.
Wrapped and wrapped blue jersey,
this page, cut in at the shoulders, flou and brief
as can be. By Donald Brooks. With all three dresses,
high wrapped sandals of white, tassels.
. . . Background, these pages: Shahrestan Bridge,
the oldest of the three famous bridges in Isfahan.
Fashion details, next to last page this issue.



HENRY CLARKE

THE PINKY-MAUVES... JERSEY, PANNE VELVET WORN BY LAUREN HUTTON

Flower among the ruins: Lauren Hutton, enchanting young blond actress (her next movie is *Little Faust and Big Halsy*), at Persepolis, the majestic city built by Darius and Xerxes, captured and partly destroyed by Alexander the Great.... *Left*, at the Xerxes Gate — Lauren, capped in mauve jersey, wears pleats of bright-pink chiffon wrapped and tied at the hip over a cropped mauve jersey leotard. By Jon Haggins. *Above*, at the Apadana — the audience hall of Xerxes, with its towering columns — Lauren in Anne Klein's little T-shirt dress of pinky-mauve panne velvet with a braided sash... plus over-the-knee boots of bright-pink suède. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.



HENRY CLARKE

PERSIAN-BRIGHT COLOURINGS
AND LONG CLEAN LINES

The long line . . . in a cardigan coat, jersey shirt, pleated dress; long pants, long over-knee boots. Shown against the long perspective of history at Persepolis, ancient "city of Parsa." . . . Long straight slash of white linen, *left*—a buttonless cardigan that falls to mid-calf, over a sleeveless ribbed-knit tunic-dress in ruby red, straight-and-narrow white linen pants. By Ginori. Ruby-red silk cap. Strapped sandals on thick soles, higher heels. Vivid little shirtdress, *centre:* clear bright-yellow jersey, long-sleeved, belted with a tasselled rope . . . plus long, shining over-the-knee boots. Dress by Leslie Fay. Long fall of Persian-blue pleats, *right*—a knit dress like the longest, narrowest cardigan, stitch-pleated all the way, with straight white linen pants. By Anne Fogarty. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.







ROSE-PINK CHIFFON,
PLEATED, SMOCKED—
IN THE CITY OF ROSES

In Shiraz, city of roses and poetry,
where even the tiles bloom with roses—pinks
mixed with the Persian blues, whites.
Here, a tiled alcove in the Narenjestan, the
great house of the Ghavam family; on the walls
are servants offering pears, wine, sherbet. . . .
Lauren Hutton, *far left,* in a short, airy
float of rose-pink chiffon, pleated to below
the waist and half-way down the sleeves . . .
from there on, skirt and sleeves open
like flowers. A long, poetic trail of scarf
is attached. By Jay Kobrin for Maisonette.
Pale pink with pearls, *near left*—new
longer line tunic over pants, in palest
rose-pink chiffon . . . tunic smocked to just
below the waist, V-neck outlined in pearly
beads. By Christian Dior-New York. Fashion details,
next to last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE

WATER-COLOURED
ORGANZA --
SHAWLED DRESS,
TIERED PANTS

Tile-blue, sunny green, *above* --
a dress of printed organza sheltered by a ruffled
shawl, a long skirt over blue suède boots.
Dress by Mollie Parnis. . . . Setting: the terrace of
Khaneghah of Persian Darvishes, overlooking
gardens called Haftanan, in Shiraz. Flamenco
pants in tiers, *opposite*, tight to the hips,
a tiny top: blue-and-green organza, batik-printed,
sparkle-embroidered. Here on Lauren Hutton.
By Savita. . . . Shiraz background: gardens of
the shrine of the 14th-century poet Hafez.
Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





1

1. The Constantin Brancusi Retrospective, a noble and magnificent show of marbles, woods, bronzes, and brass now at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, includes the "Endless Column," 1918, in oak (left). Straight from the Philadelphia Museum of Art which lent seventeen pieces, the exhibition has works from Bucharest and Paris. To Brancusi, who died in Paris in 1957, his pure marbles held mystery but his woods were growing, rugged, dynamic.

2. Lady Antonia Fraser, a pretty blonde, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Longford, but, more importantly, the author of the biography *Mary Queen of Scots.* (Queen Mary was a tall woman—5'11"—of wild and mystifying charm whose executioners took two chops at her neck with an ax.) Here, Lady Antonia in a rowboat on the River Beauly with her husband, the Right Hon. Hugh Fraser, M. P., and their six children, their ages ranging from twelve to two.

3. Stacy Keach, twenty-eight, adroit, big-faced, handsome, is the star of *Indians,* the hysterical play by Arthur Kopit that is the basis for exciting theatre. He rushes around as Buffalo Bill and runs his Wild West Show with its star Sitting Bull played by Manu Tupou. To Keach, Buffalo Bill is "an empty figure, the typical impotent white liberal who nobly espouses causes and destroys them through his inaction." So far, Off-Broadway, Keach has been a widely known figure for his punchy work as MacBird and Peer Gynt, but Shakespeare is his choice. "The contemporary theatre has too many cop-outs, too many put-ons," he said.

4. Elliott Gould, who calls himself "a bubble-gum freak" and likes looking like Groucho Marx, surfaced in the film *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* as one of the funniest men loose on film. Now, he has three more movies, *Getting Straight, M.A.S.H.,* and *Move,* in the make. Thirty-one, tall, fast-talking, a compulsive antique hunter with a broad streak of black down his humour, Elliott Gould is an offstage amuser—but not as funny as he is in *B&C&T&A* deodorizing himself for an orgy. In box offices he smells sweet.

5. CSN&Y is not a railroad but a star-packed rock conglomerate: David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash & Neil Young—here with their drummer, Dallas Taylor, and bass guitarist, Greg Reeves (not in that order), around Still's valued 1939 acoustic guitar. All four write songs, play guitar and organ or possibly tambourine, and sing soaring harmonies, embroidering their permutations with doo-doo-dahs and the best hums since Winnie-the-Pooh. Sharp thinkers as well as onstage wits, they hit political woes in such songs as "Long Time Gone." The mooniest singing goes into their love songs, mediaevally romantic. Graham Nash founded a new genre with his "Lady of the Island": candlelight rock.

6. Dr. Roy Strong, the small, brilliant power behind "The Elizabethan Image, Painting in England from 1540 to 1620" now at London's Tate Gallery, is the young director of Britain's National Portrait Gallery. His exhibition is like an historical novel with its theme rooms, its portraits full of tenderness, fantasy, and melancholy. It is unlike his new two-volume book, *Tudor and Jacobean Portraits,* which he called "a great unreadable, forever useful reference book."

PHOTOGRAPHS: 1. PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, 2. PATRICK LICHFIELD, 3, 5. JACK ROBINSON, 4. HARRY BENSON, 6. RUAN O'LOCHLAINN



2



3



4



5

6

People are talking about...

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Tehran: boutique

Like the rest of the world, Tehran has its special boutiques—where the attractive people meet for a while each day. Here, some super-attractive young Tehranians at a favourite boutique called "Number One Avenue Sanieddoleh." **1.** Shirin Sharif Emani, student in political sciences, Windsor-knotted with a Saint Laurent scarf. . . . **2.** Fari Mallah, whose mother is a decorator of the Imperial palace, wearing a black velvet suit, sold in Number One boutique for $70. . . . **3.** Keyvan Khosrovani, architect, designer for the Empress, wearing a tunic-shirt of rough spun cotton. About $7. . . . **4.** The owner of Number One, Vida Zahedi, in one of her print tunic-shirts, wide-cut white pants. . . . **5.** Keyvan Khosrovani again, in tunic-suit with bands of embroidery from Baluchistan. $200. . . . **6.** Kamran Raisi in a beige poplin safari jacket. $40 . . . and sold, like all the clothes shown here, in boutique Number One Avenue Sanieddoleh.



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Kirdis of Cameroon

(Continued from page 181)



beaded crowns, sequences of bracelets and armlets, anklets of silver, magic rings looped through leather amulets, and fiercely fanged necklaces. While we were there, they performed in the sun-dappled square, singing and stomping to the beat of flutes and drums for a busload of Danish tourers who had hurtled down hundreds of dusty miles from Fort Lamy in Chad. With the onrush of Western ways and wayfarers, however, the chieftain demands that his women tie ragged pink minis over their thonged cache-sexes.

Such sophistication is rare among the Kirdis. In the village of N'Goutchoumi, the young chieftain of the Falli tribe lives in a square thatched hut painted with bright abstractions, similar in design to the embroidered oblong panel he wears. With his strong profile and tall, iron-tipped spear, he reminded me of figures of Egyptian warriors drawn on the walls of pyramids. His wives, who carry their babies in back-slings of goatskin fringed with wooden beads, wear neck bands of silvery centimes, and nose and mouth ornaments of shining aluminum. I found these decorative but grotesque until I was offered one and realized that they are removable, like earrings for pierced ears. Falli women have fringed cache-sexes and dress their hair with red stone crushed in peanut oil. A form of female conceit as well as protective and spiritual, this potion is used in childbirth, with both mother and child covered head to toe in stone and oil.

Among the Fallis, the dead are bound in a fetal position and entombed in large red clay urns. So secret are these rites that a young French ethnologist studying the mores of this tribe lived three years in their village before being permitted to attend a funeral. We saw his maroon Renault in front of the geometrically painted hut where he continues to record the esoteric customs of these people. Perhaps because of a European presence among them, these Falli here were timid but friendly, the women, tall and proud, the little girls, in beaded belts and fringed bikinis, smiling and insouciant.

In the spectacular moonscape of Rhumsiki, called by André Gide "one of the most noble vistas in the world," for its eroded volcanos rising like a multi-Atlantis from a desert sea-bed, the Kapsiki tribes tend goats and work in copper, making wide-banded bracelets, pipes, and rings. Further north, on the craggy border of Nigeria, a perilous ascent leads to Tourou, where on market days, the women, slender as plumes, shining with palm oil, barter millet for beads. In Mabas, one village especially hostile to change, the men are expert forgers; the women, wild and wondrous in carved jewels and body paint of ochre.

Customs at birth, initiation, marriage, and death differ among these tribes scattered in secretive clusters from Lake Chad to the north Cameroon capital of Garoua. Many of the most fascinating villages are fanned around the deeply Moslem, beautifully-shaded Foulbe city of Maroua where scenes from the movie *The Roots of Heaven* were filmed. On the outskirts of town, the French-run motel, Relais de Kaliao, with its updated *bukavus*, is the best centre for exploring the villages of the Kirdis, who, rare, unblemished, and remote, still live in concert with their own fantastic universe.



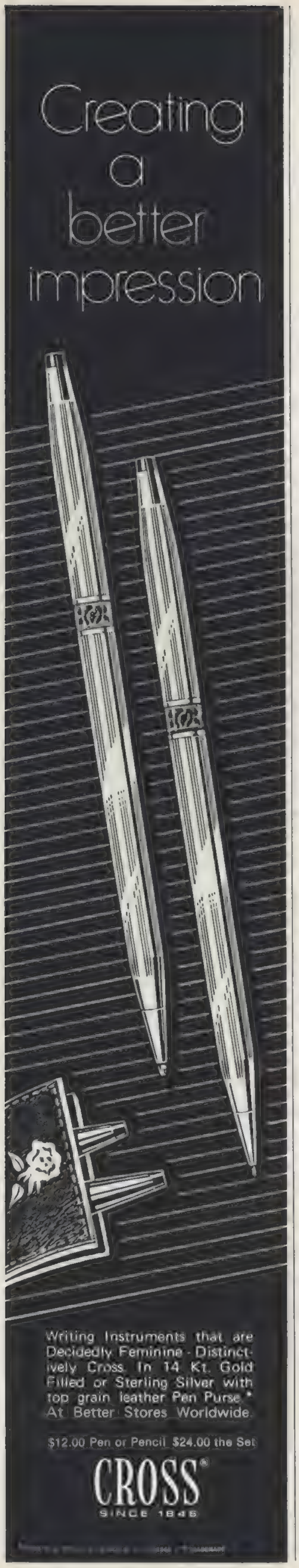
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Poppies

(Continued from page 202)

emblem of the golden fields, that man tills in his passionate eagerness to live, to survive against the odds, and to endure: the other, death pale, is the emblem of his darker but no less intense longing for relief from weariness, from anxiety, and from the pain of living. It tells one something about the human condition, something that one would perhaps rather not recognize, that throughout recorded history men have been willing to pay more, much more, for forgetfulness harvested from these white fields of sleep than for the bread of life from Demeter's realm of red and gold.

To most people opium means China and the East. They think of the longing for oblivion and dreams as a product of Oriental fatalism, and link it with the Buddhist concept of nirvana, the paradise of unknowing and unbeing, and see the opium eater as drowsily and inertly drifting out of life for the sake of the negative delights of detachment and release from all commitment and all desire.

The common view of the Westerner who takes up the drug is that he must be, in some sort, a traitor to his culture, a weakling who has either become alienated from the ethos of striving and effort characteristic of it, or one who has been overwhelmed by the stresses and anxieties generated by the increasing sophistication and complexity of the society it has produced. Either way the assumption is that he is escaping into a remote and essentially foreign mode of being.

But use of opium began in classical Greece, and its modern name comes from the Greek word for juice, *opion*, while the opium poppy, *papaver somniferum*, is a human creation that has been developed by selective breeding from a wild poppy that has never been found in the wild state anywhere east of the ancient boundaries of the Hellenic world. Not only is this original, *papaver setigerum*, a European plant, but linguistic studies show that most Eastern words for opium and the opium poppy are adaptations of words from the primitive European languages.

Sanskrit, the great mother of Eastern tongues, had no word for opium until the Moslem Moghuls came into India. What seems to have happened is that southern European folklore about the properties of the poppy juice from the wild *papaver setigerum* travelled into Greece where it became part of a body of relatively sophisticated medical knowledge.

From Greece this knowledge passed into the Arab lands where the modern *papaver somniferum* was developed for use as a field crop. Arab traders passed the improved plant, and with it their knowledge of the peculiar properties of the juice from its seed pods, on to India, Southeast Asia, and China.

As the lore of the subject moved from culture to culture, the Greek *opion* became the Arabic *Afyum*, and at last the Chinese *Ya-pien*, and *A Fu Yung*. While this was happening, the night of disorder and decline was beginning to fall upon the world of Graeco-Roman civilization, and after that Islam came to interpose a cultural barrier between Europe and further Asia. By the time Portuguese adventurers at last found a way round it, by sailing down the African coast, round the Cape, and on into the Indian Ocean, the secrets of classical medicine had long been forgotten and opium was rediscovered, along with the white poppy, as an Eastern wonder.

When Magellan's expedition came into the Chinese seas in the course of his circumnavigation of the world, it encountered the heavily laden merchant junks sailing homeward towards the south China ports with their holds filled with opium chests, and presently word from the Malabar Coast and the Spice Islands reached the English-speaking world.

"Amfion is made of sleepe balls or poppie and is the gumme which cometh forth from the same. Such as use it go as if they were alwaies halfe asleepe, they eate much of it because they would not feele any great labour or unquietness when they are at work, but they use it most for lecherie." Typical of the early references to the rediscovered drug, this remark contains within it a hint of the mixed feelings that were to be aroused in Western breasts by the thought of the balance of moral loss and physical profit involved in its use.

The Westerners, with their fetishes of conscious control and of moral responsibility, saw that many of those who used the drug had become somehow enclosed in themselves, and, as they saw it, a little less than free men. But at the same time it was apparent that their dependence on the drug liberated them from self-questioning and self-limiting doubts.

Wrestlers who had been fortified by its magical power could unhesitatingly embark upon and accomplish feats that a moment's rational consideration would have shown them to be beyond their powers; soldiers who used it became calmly heroic; and it transformed lovers condemned to mediocrity by their inhibitions and anxieties into serenely and unfailingly competent performers. Above all, it brought the comfort of sleep to those tormented by unhappiness or pain, and allowed those unable to endure the prospect of further suffering to pass out through the gates of life into nothingness without fear.

To those brought up in a culture that had up to that time produced no better remedy for the agonies of the body and the mind than such crude and dubiously effective palliatives as gin, brandy, and the like, and in which men and women went under the surgeon's knife drunk, trussed up like fowls, and with a rope's end or a lead bullet between their teeth to bite on. there was far more than the mere appeal of an exotic new sensation to opium. It was soon seen that the sleep balls in the scented wooden chests were more than a commodity from which fortunes were to be made in the East. and that they had in them something for which the West was waiting.

In 1609, just about a century after the Portuguese broke into the Indian Ocean, one of the English East India Company's ships brought a shipment of five

hundred pounds of opium into the port of London. The drug was thus fairly launched upon the English speaking world. Eighty years later Sir Thomas Sydenham, one of the most successful English physicians of his day, wrote of it as an accepted part of the medical repertory. "Among the remedies which it has pleased Almighty God to give to man to relieve his sufferings, none is so universal and so efficacious as opium."

Sir Thomas had in his employ at one time a young apprentice called Thomas Dover who distinguished himself by coming up with the one possible formula for bringing opium into common use in the moralistic West, with its strangely schizoid approach to sensual pleasures. Dover invented one of the first of the great patent medicines.

Dover's diaphoretic powder allowed respectable members of the middle and upper classes to become opium eaters with perfectly clear consciences. As it was called a medicine, those who took it could tell themselves, or anyone who wished to challenge their motives, that they were using it for their health's sake. And if they were inwardly troubled by finding its soothing and tranquillizing effect enjoyable, they could say that they had paid for their pleasure, since the preparation was indeed a diaphoretic and did bring on very heavy sweating. The sweating provided irrefutable proof that the body was being punished and not indulged, and so quieted even the tenderest Protestant consciences.

Dover's powder was in common use until some fifty years ago, and the worthy Edwardian editors of the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica were still calmly recommending it as "hardly to be surpassed in the early stages of a bad cold in the head." They were just as calm in speaking of paregoric, another popular tincture of opium, as an ideal quietener for fretful children, and their one expression of serious concern about the use of the drug took the form of the mild caution that "opium should never be administered to children under one year of age." Over a century of experience with Dover's powder and its innumerable successors, tinctures of opium, laudanum, and such things as the immortal Dr. Collis Brown's comforting syrup, had taken much of the horror away from opium eating, and familiarity with a decreasingly mysterious and remote Orient had done the same for opium smoking.

The opium smoker was to be encountered in Southeast Asia and China, and in the daylight of experience he seemed a far less alarming character than the colourful legends had promised. If he was a slave to anything, it was ritual. When he acquired his sleep ball or cake of opium, he was a long way from his first pipe. He began by soaking his drug in water for some fourteen hours. He then had to boil the liquid he had obtained until it was reduced to a treacly concentrate. This made, it had to be set aside in a small earthenware pot to mature for two or three months.

Then, when the concentrate had ripened, the smoker would set this pot down beside his opium lamp and get his metal pipe and his dipstick ready. The dipstick went into the pot and was twirled like a glass-blower's pipe until it had picked up a bead of the concentrate the size of a small pea. It was then switched from the pot to the naked flame of the opium lamp over which it was roasted. There was art in this operation, since the stick had to be kept twirling so that the bead of opium would not drop into the lamp, and it was important not to let it either get burned or dried out. When the bead of opium was becoming tacky it was placed in the tiny bowl of the pipe.

The smoker then dropped the dipstick and held the pipe bowl over the lamp flame while he sucked greedily at the mouthpiece. In thirty seconds or so the frizzling bead would have been entirely volatilized, save for a few crumbs of ash. When he had smoked two or three pipes in this way, the smoker would lie back on his divan for a few minutes, having achieved a sense of well-being and serenity sufficient to see him through the hard day's

(Continued on page 240)

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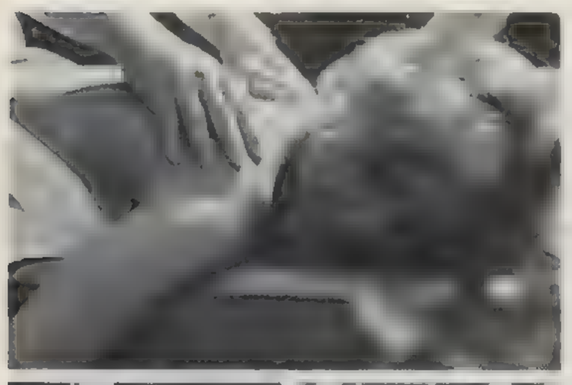
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Home of the Tournament of Champions

Poppies

(Continued from page 239)

work lying ahead of him, or to relieve him from his tensions and frustrations when it was over.

Until recently, aged Chinese gentlemen would almost invariably attribute their peace of mind, ability to read without glasses, general good health, and regular bowel movements to their two or three pipes a day. They viewed the addicts who smoked on until they entered the hallucinated world of the pipe dream with the same dismay that the Westerner who enjoys a social glass feels when he sees his source of pleasure used as a self-destroying weapon by an alcoholic.

The cool approach to opium was, however, rudely undercut by the demon of progress in the form of the analytical chemist. In the opening years of the nineteenth century the source of the freedom from fear, anxiety, and pain, the negative white happiness that sleeps in the juice of the opium poppy, was traced to a substance first called opium salt, and then morpheum.

By mid-century the refinement of the chemist's art had laid bare the whole of the plant's astonishing secret. The white poppy is born in innocence from a seed that can be eaten with perfect impunity as a flavouring in breads and cakes, and which can be crushed to extract a chemically innocuous oil almost indistinguishable from olive oil.

The plants that spring from these seeds have a gummy sap that has neither vice nor virtue, and they grow in an innocence that is preserved until flowering time, when the plants stand between two and three feet tall. Then the poppy fields flush white for a few days, to turn abruptly green again as the first shower of rain or flurry of wind knocks the blossoms to pieces.

When their petals have gone, the strangely shaped poppy heads, like Art Nouveau jars of green china with ribbed black and brown lids, are left naked at the heads of the flower stems. In the five days that follow the flowering, the opium growers keep careful watch on these small containers, waiting for a bloom to appear on their smooth green sides. When this greyish frosting appears they know that the annual miracle has occurred. The gummy sap within has undergone one of the most remarkable transformations in nature.

From then on, and for the next week or so, the juice within the poppy head contains a formidable battery of alkaloids that are not to be found in any part of the plant at any other time. There are twenty of them; among them morphine, heroin, codeine, and papaverine. Morphine, which makes up about 10 per cent of the dry matter in the juice, is not to be found anywhere else in nature at any time. Why it should appear there, and just for that week, and in that strange array of powerful substances, are questions that have yet to be answered.

The first step in harvesting poppy juice is to score each poppy head from crown to base with a number of parallel cuts, or to ring it with a spiral cut. The milk that oozes from these wounds, inflicted between noon and nightfall, is left to congeal overnight and is collected the following day. The gummy oozings are then scraped off the poppy heads and patted into cakes that were traditionally collected on poppy leaves.

In the old days, each opium-growing district had its own distinctive way of wrapping these cakes of raw opium, and an expert could tell from their size and shape and from the colouring of their wrappings just where they had come from. One district would be famous for the pale colour of its flat round half-pound cakes, another for the dark-green colour of the poppy leaves in which its two-pound cones were wrapped, another for the spices with which its four-ounce cubes were coated.

One Turkish district was famous for the alternations of light and dark paste in its cakes; Persian opium was instantly recognizable because of the dark lustre given to it by the syrup of raisins mixed into the gum to bind and harden it; and Indian growers made theirs unmistakable by putting it up in round balls coated in the dried petals from the flowers.

But all this lore is from the past, in the days before the world's policemen and the athletes of guilt had banded together to suppress the ancient international traffic. The opium of today is a standardized product marketed under the most rigid controls as the regrettably necessary source of its medically necessary derivatives. No one adds spices or sweet syrups to their poppy juice any more, and the world of sensuous pleasures and sensations is the poorer.

Note: All the poppies photographed came from the Martin Viette Nurseries, Northern Boulevard (25A), East Norwich, Long Island, New York 11732.

Don't miss JANUARY 1 VOGUE

in which we predict

THE BIG-TIMERS FOR THE 1970'S

Miraculous Churches

(Continued from page 161)

we should have three bodies, a narrow, then a full one, and return to a very thin one for the still later years. That perhaps a survey should be made to determine whether husbands or lovers, after many years, looked happier with ample or narrow women.)

I became absorbed in the sight of the Karelian birches, their grey-white trunks smoky against the white cotton of the train's curtains. The white, ghostly bark of the trees hides a vivid wood that has given us an untold quantity of furniture, up to and through what we often wrongly call Biedermeier, to the oblong cigarette boxes with their long tasselled tails. To see better, I pushed the spotless white curtain along its thin brass rod. We had been given carefully folded clean sheets and pillowcases to make up our own beds. The pillowcase was damp. I tied a dark-blue cotton handkerchief tightly under my chin.

The train was sliding through the Karelian forests, unhurriedly. It would stop in the morning at Petrozavodsk, a small city on the edge of Lake Onega, one of the last cities before the Arctic Circle. On Onega float in mists for most of the year sixteen hundred and fifty islands. We would take a *raketta,* a broad speedy boat, and skim over the lake. A lake that was like the sea. Out of the water emerge banks of pied tree trunks, grey, white, and black. Within two hours we would be on the island of Kizhi and land at a two-storeyed wooden pier to walk along a sweet-smelling path lined with birches and with shoulder-high umbellifers and sedges.

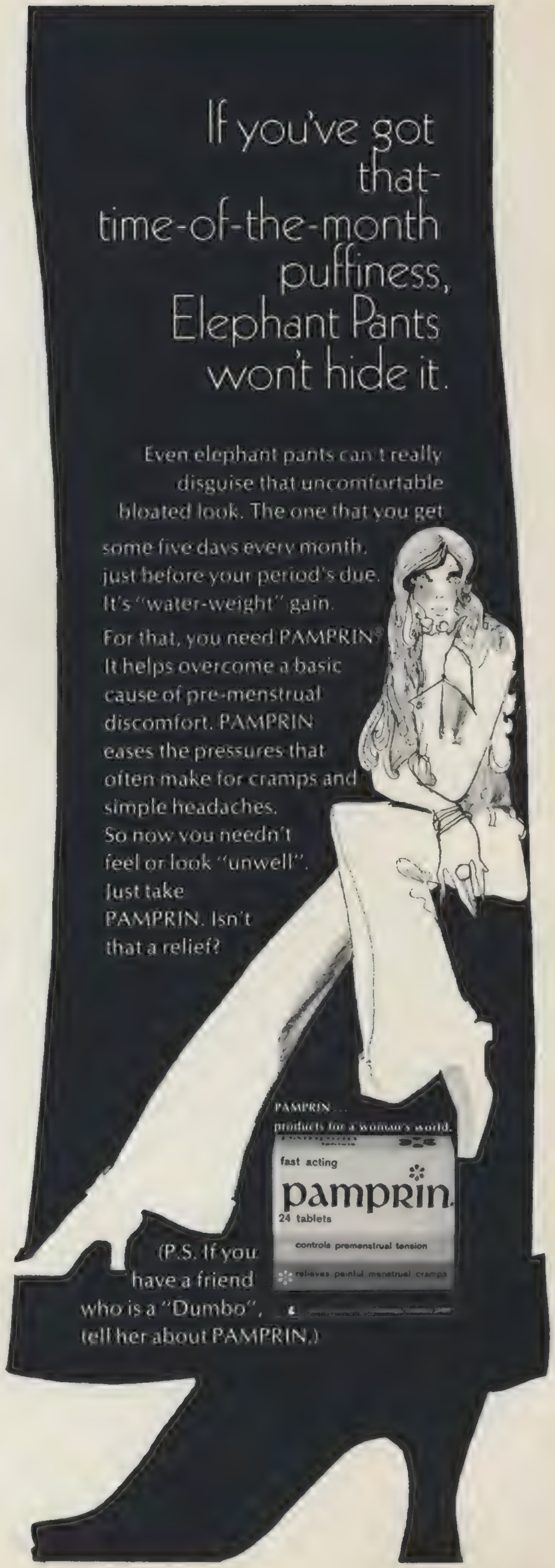
The path opens, and there they appear, the two churches, the Transfiguration and the Protection of the Virgin. (Not the Intercession, but the Protection, said my guide, that is another story.) Over a hundred feet high, bulbous with domes and falling light, silver and gold, in a field. The whole island is a field, water lapping at its greenish edges. The silver and the gold are the effect of weather on unpainted wood. Gold domes and silver stems and the dark-gold body. A thin green moss covers certain domes like a lizard's skin.

The Transfiguration has an eight-sided central body with close-folded tiered wings, dome-tipped, rising one above the other, receding. Out of each short roof soars a stem, then a cupola; out of each cupola, a wooden cross—twenty-two in all. Next to it, the Protection of the Virgin, nine domes on a straight, stark, again eight-sided body. Then again the high crosses. They are made in the Orthodox manner, of four strips of wood. The vertical for the body, the thin long width for the arms, the small horizontal for the head, then one for the feet, at a slight angle. This strip was first placed contrariwise to the other, as if the feet were to find their rest from heel to toe; but for painters it was unmanageable. Full-faced, it became a small square, and when the painters turned it a little, the maker of crosses followed.

The domes sleep in the sun. The nature of the domes is scaly. They, their stems, the small roofs they soar from are covered with scales in their entirety. Each scale is carefully fitted over the other. They have no straight-cut edge. Ragged, like a wild strawberry leaf. In botany, *Fragaria vesca,* fragrant. I thought these edges were an ornament, until I saw that another conception was behind this: The ragged edge had been chosen to give the look of shredded light. Under each dome, above the stalk, there is a collar of wood, made to seem a collar of rays. At certain hours, these cast fringed shadows, the shadow of sun rays, as if, behind them, another sun.

After six days, Jesus took Peter and James and John his brother, and brought them into a high mountain apart. "And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as light." While he spoke, a bright cloud overshadowed him. As they came down the mountain, Jesus warned them: "Tell

(Continued on page 242)



Miraculous Churches

(Continued from page 241)

the vision to no man."

Along the shore, the purple loosestrife, the self-heal, the marsh woundwort, the soft rushes, two bands of wind above the water's edge.

No other people, aside from those who made them, no other people, I believe, can understand these structures as well as Americans. Great barns are strewn across our country, high and spare in the Middle West, yellow in Maine, red in New Jersey. Some are still full of the noise of animals and the storage of hay; others have fallen into disuse. We know the way they are made, bone-thin and brittle to the eye, solid to lean against.

This is the imagination of God in a barn.

Built by someone with an image of glory in his soul, who understood that glory to be God. And the imagination of God at work within has given the Transfiguration a golden iconostasis, that wall of gold built up into squares through which peer painted faces, painted scenes. The face of the Saviour, the face of the Madonna, and landscapes, white walls and gold cupolas against pink streaked with lines of black, and sometimes a robe of vivid green.

Behind that wall, the priest officiates. At certain moments the priest becomes holy, and the onlookers partake of his holiness. They watch the iconostasis and the stains of colour as bright as the palms of invisible hands. In one of the churches, one of the painted faces has become fragile. On the eve of restoration, a thin sheet of tissue paper is stretched over it. In places, the tissue paper sticks to the face. It seems to try to peer out. But remote. Is it the face of the writer?

Outside, the field's yellow grass is dotted by withering thistles, the look of the fur of an ocelot. No, I will not go with you to buy souvenirs in the little kiosk at the water's edge. But you go. I will lie in the field and sleep. I can occasionally open my eyes and look at the Transfiguration.

I met three Belgians who also had been asleep in the field. We had crossed on the boat. They looked rather thin. Remembering how Belgians like to eat well, I had recommended that they order my lunch of the day before at the pier's "bistro": *sudak*, the very good lake fish and new potatoes unique in perfection, because of the earth in that part of the world, with an egg sauce with chopped very young chives. So they slept in the field as a mark of their content.

A *kokoshnik* is the name of the headdress of married women, who were not allowed to show their hair. (Reminiscent in shape of certain Renaissance bonnets.) The hair was piled high inside. After the wedding night, no one could see the bride's hair except her closest family. The roofs below the cupolas are shaped like this. The stem goes straight up to the *kokoshnik*, the swelling of the dome is half inside, fitted into its darkness. The outline of a headdress perhaps, but exactly like the more secret part of a woman. Entering and withholding, separated, each in its own form waiting for the deeper alliance. Here in a perfection of design and a wild light.

Today, the sins of the flesh no longer exist, or do they? So much is dark. If not a sin, what then? Pleasure, of course, and sometimes a fulfillment beyond our need, a stone's throw from remorse, still there, for some reason, in filigree. There is no remorse expressed in the Preobrazhenskaya, the Church of the Transfiguration, nothing but a fragile wood-skin and incorruptible will. Perhaps that is what the master, Nestor, meant when he said: "There will never be another like this." Marlowe answers: "His hands he cast upon her like a snare."

The path widens and separates like the feathers of a lyrebird, two strong brown strokes of earth beaten down by the feet of the pilgrims. For they came by the thousands, the fur-proud pilgrims of Novgorod. They came by boat, as the rivers, the Volknov and the Svir, led straight from their city to the sanctuary. It had been a sanctuary as long as one could remember, first for the pagans, worshippers of the sun and storm gods, and one can see why it was favoured. To the north, like a lacquered screen, the lake and a thousand islands. To the south it is immediately protected by a bigger island veiling Kizhi from sight. To come by water was a form of purification in itself. The boats would have to be carried over parts of the river that were still iced or had frozen over again during the journey. The Novgorod pilgrims were rich. They made deals with the Hanseatic League to exchange their rare woods and famed furs, as varied as the innumerable beasts that still people these very forests. From the year 1714, they came to see the Transfiguration.

"What did the pilgrims think about as they walked here?" "They thought about God, and about life," said my little guide, Nathalie, her black skirt taut over her full legs.

In 1715, Peter the Great wrote a letter to his son:

"I am a man, and as such, I am bound by death. He to whom I will leave what I began is a lazy slave who has buried his talent. How many times have I admonished, yea, not only admonished but beaten you, for how many years have I stopped speaking to you! But nothing has worked, nothing has been of any use, all is vain." Two years later the Czarevitch was tried for treason, submitted twice to torture within three days. During the third torture, at noon, he died.

The Czar lived two more years. His successors, his last wife, the blowsy and faithful peasant woman Catherine I, and his son Peter, slipped in and out of power and death as they would out of two doors. Then his niece Anna, that huge creature with a woman's body and a man's face, became Empress of Russia.

Anna was the widow of a German princeling. Some malice, some gift for despising had developed in her during the years she had waited, scorned and unnoticed, writing beggar's letters to her rich relatives.

She had beasts from every forest in Russia brought to her either for their strangeness or to be eventually hunted. Bears and wolves, the heavy-horned deer, and the huge bristle-coated boars. Some animals would be put in the wings of the palace. Their dark furriness would loom up from the straw-littered floors and reflect in the mirrors of white-and-gold rooms, their shapes dim and menacing in the light refracted from the snow.

Openings had been cut in the doors so the animals could be watched. They were fed and would not fight together, save for an occasional grappling almost soundless but for their quickened breaths. Was this someone's restless dream? Six hundred wild hares were sent to St. Petersburg. So that, in another gallery, the floor seemed to move, as if a carpet from wall to wall made of fur was ruffled by a wind. At times the carpet would appear to be of lighter weight, the huddled mounds would rise and sway, the hares shivering first in one place, then in another. This was when Anna had picked up one of the guns that she kept at hand in all of her rooms to shoot at passing birds. The loudness of the shot varied according to the distance and the emplacement of the window. And her German lover, Bunin, ever more arrogant and disdainful. The state's money was recklessly spent by the German Ministers who had been given the highest posts in the land. But never enough, never enough for their appetites. He, Bunin, had in his keep the Empress's body, he had wit enough to keep the poachers off, but not enough strength not to be despised and hated by those he sought to favour. The Germans loathed the Russians. The sombre places in Anna's mind enlarged.

Besides the big animals,

(Continued on page 244)

Mrs. Cooper

(Continued from page 183)

chalmys in silk or linen.

Inspired by the finely-pleated tunics of ancient Greek charioteers, they are based on designs and produced through a patented process created by Mariano Fortuny, a wizardrous turn-of-the-century Venetian painter, designer, and inventor.

Their rediscovery also aroused in her a classic Proustian experience of involuntary memory.

"I recalled first seeing the gowns at Miss McNeill's Madison Avenue shop before they stopped making them. . . . There was a whole wall of floor-to-ceiling drawers each filled with different coloured dresses . . . each its own rainbow of shades from the deepest to the palest tones, of red, or green, or blue, or violet. . . . It was beautiful. . . . Just absolutely beautiful. . . . And since you never hang them up they just lay there, tenderly tucked away in loose curls and twists like little embryonic fishes.

"Each dress has an exclusivity, a nicety of detail that is at the heart of its desirability, and the unique texture of the fabrics gives each one a remarkable simplicity and, at the same time, an extraordinary luxuriousness."

After finding them, Mrs. Cooper explained, she had her dresses altered slightly and accessorized to make them "more me . . . more now."

"I always find that the clothes one wears put one in a particular mood. . . . It was Fortuny's idea that woman is always something more than woman . . . a flower . . . an urn . . . a statue.

"To wear these dresses is to feel . . . not quite inside another skin. . . . They are like one's own skin. They are so soft, so sensuous, so . . . delicious. It is to feel one's best self . . . to feel womanly. They are so voluptuous, and sort of mould themselves to the body in a kind of marvellous way. Yet they are so very fragile, delicate . . . tender."

With her dresses Mrs. Cooper wears her unique collection of Rita Delisi-designed body ornaments that are mnemonic resurrections in themselves.

With the biscuit linen gown she chooses a sautoir of shells and coral chain ending in small brass tablets; for the violet silk tunic-robe, a priestess pendant of carved ivory hieratic ornaments and Greek vermilion worry beads schemed with scarlet silk cording; with the sea-green silk, a jewelled tippet of carved green Jordanian stones and carved ivory beads suspended along grey silk floss from Mexican silver, ending in German silver hieratic figures; and for the sun-gold silk gown, a gold chain necklace with small carved teakwood plates centred by a heart-shaped Victorian locket and a Peruvian *figa* talisman, ending in polished brass arrowheads.

"The marvellous thing about this jewellery is that it has been beautifully tuned as well as beautifully designed," Mrs. Cooper explains. "It makes the most wonderful, gentle sounds when you move, and it has been so carefully balanced that though it appears to be heavy it simply isn't."



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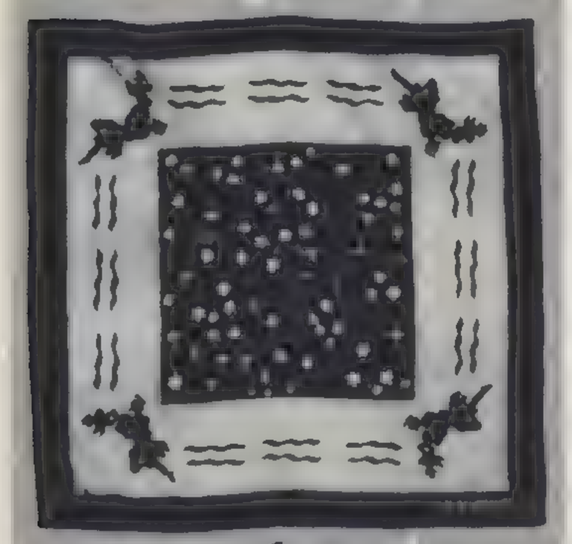
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Miraculous Churches

(Continued from page 242)

there were others living in the palace whom she also had had brought in. The more outrageous, physically deformed, dwarfs, buffoons, the female dwarfs with their huge heads and running gait, precariously balanced on their arched legs, the buffoons with their bumpy foreheads and hilarious mouths, baroque-pearl bodies. She and the Favourite would give feasts and balls for the dwarfs. They built for them on the frozen Neva, just outside the Winter Palace, an Ice Palace where the wedding of two of the dwarfs took place, thus mocking the nobility with their proud backs and straight carriage, deriding their ideal of grace of the body. The nobles would be made to come to the feasts and dance, dressed in clothes of greater glory than one had yet seen. In gold and silver brocades, encrusted from shoulder to hem with jewels, the men shining with a decoration in the shape of a cross—the order of St. Andrew's, which her uncle had created—their dress swords brilliant with pink and yellow diamonds. This magnificence was requested of them, ever more supernatural, ever more costly.

Murmurings, murmurings.

Terror is the remedy to even a possibility of revolt. The pain of death in the provinces for those who would be heard to complain of their governor or of any state functionary. Arrest, torture, exile for others. Terror could be made into a distraction. The Arctic island of Solovk was a good place for lessening sensitive, finer brains. A daughter of Prince Youssoupoff was sent to Siberia for cursing the Prime Minister and for practising sorcery (*i.e.*, seeing foreigners). Diplomats wrote that thousands went into exile and that thousands were dead.

In the last year of Anna's reign, the Church of the Protection of the Virgin was begun. It is named Protection because in legendary days, one of their cities was besieged and in dire need. One morning early, the Virgin dropped her veil over the city. When the invaders awoke, the city had simply disappeared. The veil, in the icons, is usually painted a dark greyish blue, sometimes shaped like a roof, or a shadowy fold of winter mist. Hide your souls, O Russians, you will never be let off anything. As in the making of icons, no saws were allowed to touch the wood. Only hatchets, sometimes wooden hatchets of a harder wood. No nails could be used. An expression, still current and disparaging, "Made with nails."

When Anna died suddenly, a young and beautiful woman became the empress: Elizabeth, that intelligent happy woman, lazy and pleasure-loving, asker of respect but only for her beauty, whose guardsmen's flesh was many a night close to hers. A breathing spell. 1764. The new church in Kizhi, the Protection of the Virgin, was opened. Catherine the Great had been on the throne for two years.

Between the churches stands the bell tower. When the bell tower was built, in 1874, the last Czar of the Russias, Nicholas II, was six years old. He would one day turn a strikers' manifestation into the Red Sunday; and in a quarter of Leningrad the pavement is of red granite, so one can see and remember where the blood ran. He would meet his death in Ekaterinburg. So the construction of the churches spans all of the imperial Romanovs, from Peter the Great to Nicholas II, the last. The founder of the Romanov dynasty, Michael, and then Alexis, were not imperial. It was Peter who made himself emperor. He knew that he had in his hands an empire.

The present government has brought twelve more buildings from other islands with names as lovely as those of movie stars: Kelikozerskaya, Kavgora, Murmon. One *isba* belonged to a rich merchant. In the winter you could go up to the door of the centre room on the second floor in your troika, as the house was divided: The usual three rooms, then behind a wall were two huge platforms. You rode up to the upper one, you left your troika on the right, and your horses on the left. There was room for six or nine horses. On the lower platform were boats and fishnets for summer use. One thing had the charm of life. In the *isbas*, the children's toys were usually placed on the floor facing the corner icon. The child of this house had a small horse made from the peeled branch of a tree, a shiny grey, head and body left intact in the natural shape of the wood corresponding to some horse in a dream, with a string tail and four twigs added for legs. The horse was placed on the window sill, his profile to the windowpane, so that he could look at the Transfiguration.

The umbellifers sway in the sun. The domes sleep. Their fringes of wood look like the weeds of the field. The churches are no longer in use. The dead white bird lies on the grass.

Sitting on the church steps, a girl is combing her hair with a wide-tooth comb. The shadow of the rays are much like the comb's teeth. Wispy straight hair, yellow in the sun.

As we returned to Petrozadovsk, the boat stopped at a small wharf just under the churches. We were asked to move back and make room for some Ministers. The Ministers of the State were dressed like old-fashioned family lawyers. In the summertime they looked in costume.

Gulls sit on each arm of the crosses. From where we are, so far down on the water, they were spheric shapes, round architectural trimmings. One branch is heavily favoured, the birds sit high on their sacred perches, secure and feather-brained.

Persia

(Continued from page 212)

ature, and all techniques by which the gross world outside could be contrasted with delicate privacies within. Seclusion is a high Persian virtue, and precision, the fastidious reduction from the scale of a wilderness to the scale of a flower, is half the Persian charm.

Sir John Chardin, a seventeenth-century watchmaker who spent some years in Persia, unintentionally sums it up in a piece of technical information about Persian viniculture. So pure is the air of Persia, he says, that it is not necessary to cork a wine bottle there: You need only place a rose or a carnation in the neck of the bottle, and all will be preserved.

No other desert people, I think, has tried to counter the immensity of a landscape not only with greenness but also with smallness. The effect can be as refreshing as a little white-and-gold Colonial church perky among skyscrapers. There is a dirt road which crosses the hills called Kuh-i-Gazah. in central Persia, and drops down to the edge of the great desert on the eastern side. north of Kashan. I took it one spring day more or less at random, without a map, knowing only that it was sure to take me eastward.

It was not a very encouraging route. The hills are bare and grey there, the road is very bumpy, there was scarcely a sign of human life, and I resigned myself to one of those semi-automatic phases of travel in which one switches off the sensibilities in order to conserve them. Presently, however, passing through a narrow defile and turning a corner I discovered one of Chardin's bottleneck carnations. Alone in a declivity in the hills, which now momentarily opened to reveal a ring of snow summits beyond, there stood as lovely a human settlement—it seemed to me—as ever a traveller saw.

Fruit gardens were splashed all over the little plain, swathes of pink and white, framed with mud walls and supervised by pigeon towers. A stream trickled beside the track. The village was a cluster of balconies, gardens, mud walls, and poplars, with a blue-coned shrine in an orchard, a derelict fort, the four-square compound of a caravanserai, and presiding over it all on the slope of the hills, the very dream of a mosque—a dome of turquoise and yellow, four turquoise-and-yellow minarets, and seven small polychromatic spikes poised in attendance all about.

Nothing moved in the village, as I sat in the car contemplating this celestial scene. The people, I suppose, were all at work, or food, or prayer, or very likely love. A scented hush lay over the scene, and everything shone.

Just over the ridge lay the desert, and presently I drove on and entered the brown hangdog streets of Kashan, where a garage man told me that the village was probably Jooshagan, once famous for its carpets. But I did not care what its name was. It really had seemed, as the Persian planners would have wished it, a passing suggestion of Paradise; and though everything about it seemed in retrospect small and meticulous, yet the whole was exceedingly dignified. The Persians do not equate smallness with meanness: Perhaps, in a largely arid country three times the area of France they know how niggling size can be.

The celebrated gardens of Persia are no less a response to the desert. There is a world of difference between the Persian garden and the great gardens created by the Moors in Spain, at the other end of Islam. The Persians made nothing like the Generalife, that lush prodigy of foliage and fountains above Granada. In Persia the materials were less lavish, the water was more valuable, and Paradise was seen in terms that were almost Zen-like in their restraint. It was a Persian poet whose lines were carved upon a palace wall: "If there be a Paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here," but they were carved upon the wall of a palace majestic chiefly in its chaste austerity, beneath a blazing sky on a dust hillock in Delhi.

The foreigner is generally disappointed in the gardens of Persia. The legendary bowers of Shiraz do not, to an English eye, compare for charm with an Oxford garden, for splendour with the terraced gardens of Ceylon or the Caribbean. They are always walled, but the walls have usually collapsed in places, probably giving the enthusiast a pleasing sense of picturesque decay but looking to others depressingly unkempt.

The pigeon towers, too, handsome though they look from a distance, are likely to prove half-derelict. And the garden itself, far from being that delicious perfumed retreat of wine and songbird for which the poets had primed us, as often as not looks like a fairly run-down orchard with a kitchen garden that could do with some weed killer. Is this, one asks, the Perfection Hafez sings? Is it here that the Persian sages conversed in sweet syllables in their pavilions, while the nightingales sang and the sherbet fizzed?

But the point of the Persian garden, which grows on the stranger as the day wears on, lies not in its form but in its gesture. Its gentle damp shade offers a retort to the voracious desert outside—not a showy retort, nor even defiant, but humorously reproving. It is not so far after all from wasteland to Arcadia: Only a step through a gap in the wall, and the ducks and crows that frequent the Persian gardens, dabbling in marble pools or swooping among cypresses, fly or waddle at will from one extreme to the other, reducing both to a proper perspective.

Islam is the State religion. The Muslim conquerors of this country never re-created the glories of her ancient empire, though in the eighteenth century Nadir Shah did march to Delhi and collect the Peacock Throne: But culturally they established another kind of dominion, so that Persian forms and practices spread far to the north and east, and the West began that infatuation with things Persian that has never died.

The Shah-in-Shah himself is a Muslim ruler, but in the past fifty years the most vociferous enemies of the throne have often

(Continued on page 248)

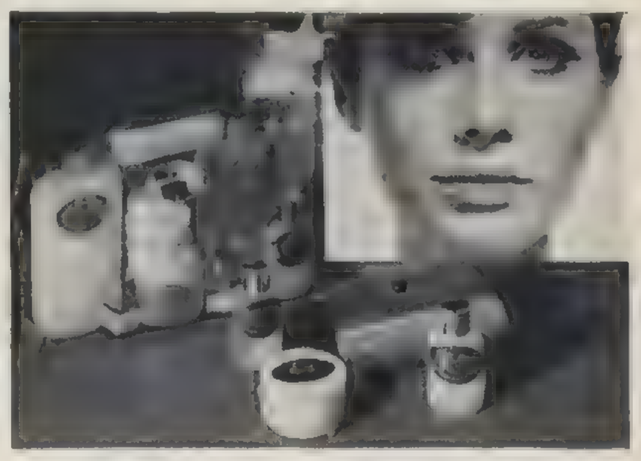
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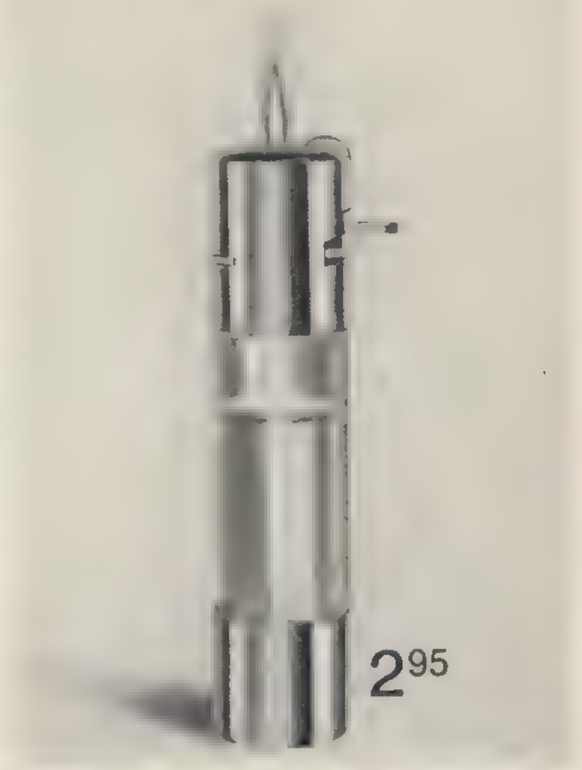
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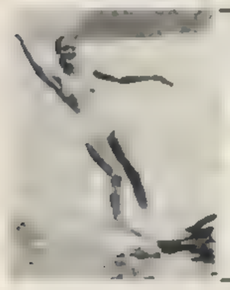
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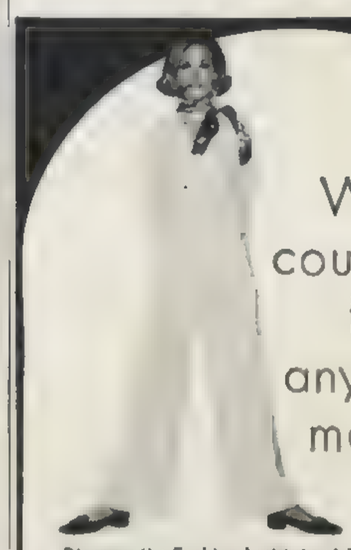
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Persia

(Continued from page 245)

been Muslim activists on the opposite extreme. Either way, Islam can never be ignored in Persia. The Shiah mullahs thunder about the cities in their green headdresses and their swinging cloaks, and offstage many a successor to the Assassins doubtless cherishes the dream of a Persia dedicated to more ferocious ideals of Islam, where the faith will be enforced by fire or steel, and murder in the cause will be rewarded by certain if not instant transference to Paradise.

The great Shiah shrine at Meshed, a city of domes and courtyards tremendously stacked together in a compound, is the largest landowner in Persia—and is still forbidden to infidels. Islam, which looks so gentle in some flowered country court, can still feel a dangerous creed when the zealot pilgrims glower at you from the gateway of this forbidden sanctuary, the women clutching their black robes, the men glinting their gold teeth.

It feels an immensely forceful creed, too—virile, mystic, with all the irrational exuberance of Lourdes during the pilgrimage, plus elements of brute strength. It is a fine if unnerving experience to pass through Qum, a very holy Persian city, on a Shiah feast day.

Qum is not, like Meshed, tucked well away from infidel inquiry. It is only sixty-odd miles south of Tehran, on a well-frequented main road. It is, nevertheless, traditionally among the fiercest Shiah strongholds in Persia. Here Fatima, daughter of the seventh Imam, died in 816, and the shrine above her tomb is a famous place of pilgrimage. Many another holy person is buried round about, and two Islamic theological colleges flood the city with a constant supply of earnest young dogmatics.

It is not sanctity, though, so much as dazzle that strikes the Christian, wandering through this place on a day of Muslim dedication. The streets and squares are jammed with briskly moving pilgrims—city people in blacks and fustian browns, countrywomen from the south in magnificent gypsy petticoats, turbanned grandees, mullahs with staves, all jostling around the bazaar for sacred souvenirs, or pouring in and out of the mosque gates, or seething through the streets, or leaning out of windows talking, laughing, arguing, staring wild-eyed—all on the move, all at full pressure, *urgent.*

The noise is indescribable. Through the open gates of the shrine you may see its courtyards blazingly illuminated, with fairy lights and mirrored walls. And when you escape from this vivacious tumult, and cross the river out of town, there behind you the great domes of the mosque stand above the city like reactors, radiating inexhaustible energy, as though their golden tiles were actually glowing with heat, and scattering the fallout of Islam all over the plateau.

Inner Persia: Yet so strong is the character of that inner country, that tang and irony of Persia, that almost everything it touches is in some way transformed, however alien its origins and purposes. A taxi driver at Resht, overtaking me with difficulty one day on the Ramsar road, looked at me furiously as he passed, and blew his horn in solemn protest. It made a noise like a cow mooing, very realistically—and I wondered how its distant inventor, in some far-off Novelty Fun Factory of the West, would respond to this distinctly unfrivolous employment of his jape.

The Persian pulse beats erratically, and somehow gives to every Persian activity an unexpected twist, making almost every aspect of this extraordinary country not *merely* extraordinary, but actually unique. Let us consider, from the whole wide spectrum of the national life, three widely disconnected subjects: buses, food, horse fairs.

Buses first, the caravans of modern Persia. In other places the country bus is often a comical vehicle, bent in the middle in Egypt, or pottering, steamed with gossip, from village to village in the Cotswolds. Not the Persian kind. It is likely to be a very large and modern German bus, flamingly painted and covered with self-advertisement (*Two Luce* and *Doo Lows* are only two of many Persian approximations to *De Luxe*). It keeps up a staggering average speed, trailing dust and diesel smoke far behind it, and when it reaches a teashop, in it swings with a flamboyant screech of tires and blast of triple horns, and out tumble all its jam-packed passengers, to stretch themselves, grab a bowl of stew, or queue for the outdoor lavatories.

In the big cities, late at night, one often glimpses the buses gleaming through the arches of courtyards, with men strapping luggage on their roofs, and passengers milling all about in the dim streetlight, waiting to start on some midnight marathon. In Isfahan they wash the buses beneath the arches of the bridge called Pul-e-Allah Verdi Khan, into which, up to their hocks in the Zaindeh river, they almost exactly fit.

Food next. This is, to the Westerner, very surprising. Persia's gift of adaptation has never been uncritical—the patterns and standards that she has accepted from the outside world have generally been refined to her own taste, deprived of fat and ornament, purified. This is well demonstrated in her victuals. She shares many ingredients and basic recipes with her neighbours, but she eats differently from anyone else.

Take the national dish of *chelo kebab. Kebab,* as the Turks or Egyptians serve it, is a crude if satisfying dish—chunks of lamb stuck on a skewer and roasted over charcoal. *Chelo kebab,* as Persians eat it, is something very different. It is lamb, too, but a strip of lamb, beaten thin and tender, and laid upon a bed of exceedingly dry white rice from the Caspian.

This simple centrepiece is the basis of a most sophisticated meal. A raw egg is beaten into the rice to give it richness, and around it is arranged a variety of salads: raw onions always, and in season splendidly crisp cos lettuce, together with nasturtiums, cresses, radishes, gherkins, and all manner of unidentified herbs and grasses, which

(Continued on page 250)

Fashion in the Persian-Blue Gardens of the Sun

Fashion details for pages 214-233. All coiffures by Christophe Carita. Coloured braids, hair-tassels of Dynel from Tovar-Tresses. All caps by Halston.



PAGE 214
Blue, white, and yellow caftan. A wool mark dress in Naked Wool by Chester Weinberg; print designed by artist Gerald Laing and printed by Brendan Mills, a division of Anglo Fabrics. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Robert Originals pendant. Tinsel Trading tassels. Ring: R. F. Clark for William de Lillo.



PAGE 215
Wrapped robe by Halston. Of Rit tie-dyed rayon velvet by Up Tied. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles. Blue crêpe pants by Sibley-Coffee. Rings: Lillian Barcow, Richelieu. Anklet: R. F. Clark for William de Lillo.



PAGE 216
Blue-and-white silk dress. Beene Bazaar. Fisher & Gentile fabric. About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Anklet: R. F. Clark for William de Lillo.



PAGE 217
Covered dress of blue georgette; a shawl fringed in white. Sarmi. Hurel-TSM silk. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.



PAGE 217
Bright blue chiffon pyjamas by Stavropoulos, of Stern & Stern silk. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Jewel by York Novelty Imports. Mimi di N chain: Bonwit Teller. Rings: Sant' Angelo, Capri.



PAGE 218
Persian-blue and white flowers on a long caftan. Bill Blass, in Qiana of cut velvet (Staron fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's. Beads at Greek Island. Long beads: R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Adity anklet.



PAGE 219
Short plaid shirtdress (comes with white wool coat). Barbarella, of polyester and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue. Choker: Elegant. Jewel by York Novelty Imports. Dame belt. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 219
Snakeskin print shirtdress. Scott Barrie, of textured Antron nylon (S. Edward fabric). About $90. Henri Bendel; G. Fox; Godchaux's; Country Club Fashions. Choker: Elegant. Jewel by York Novelty Imports. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 220
Persian-blue and white shirtdress by Adele Simpson. Of wool crêpe. About $200. Best & Co.; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's. Jewel by York Novelty Imports. Choker: Elegant. Dame belt. Battani sandals.



PAGE 220
Shirt-tunic in blue and green. A Ban-Lon dress by Vera of Du Pont nylon. About $33. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Joske's, San Antonio. Jewel by York Novelty Imports. Ray Strauss scarfs. El Greco sandals.



PAGE 221
Persian-blue silk chiffon shirt-chemise; straight blue pants. Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr (Stern & Stern fabric). About $230. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Atelier Nina belts. Bernardo sandals.



PAGE 222
Cardin's short silk crêpe evening dress, rimmed in ostrich (Abraham fabric). Hanes tights. Slippers by Donald Brooks for Palizzio, to order at Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 223
Ostrich-edged tunic of satin crêpe with a long ostrich boa, dinner pants. Andrew Woods. Onondaga fabric. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Jewels: Thomas Robbins.



PAGE 224
Two shades of blue jersey, bottom, with a deep plunge. About $105. Top: wrapped in white. About $110. Both by B. H. Wragge of Trevira (Soptra fabric). Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Head bands: Stanley Postek for Nautique Arts. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 225
Tiny dress of blue silk jersey. Donald Brooks (Jasco fabric). About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neusteters. Tinsel Trading tassel on Aliata sandals.



PAGE 226
Mauve leotard wrapped in bright-pink chiffon pleats. Jon Haggins. Leotard of Encron polyester (Stretchnit fabric). About $96. Henri Bendel; Joske's Houston; Country Club Fashions. Tasselled rope: Atelier Nina; Henri Bendel.



PAGE 227
Pinky-mauve T-shirt dress by Anne Klein. Of Amity rayon panne velvet. About $85. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Frost Bros.; Nordstrom Best. Battani boots with Tinsel Trading tassel.

PAGE 228
White linen cardigan and pants; ruby-red knit dress. Ginori. Coat, about $90; pants, about $44. Both of Moygashel fabric. Dress, of Antron nylon, about $38. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Charles Elkaim bracelets. Tinsel Trading pendant. David Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller.



PAGE 222
Cardin's short silk crêpe evening dress, rimmed in ostrich (Abraham fabric). Hanes tights. Slippers by Donald Brooks for Palizzio, to order at Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 228
A yellow Ban-Lon shirtdress by Leslie Fay of nylon. About $33. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Tinsel Trading tassel. Corina belt. Golo boots.



PAGE 229
Persian-blue cardigan dress of Antron nylon over white linen pants. Anne Fogarty. Dress, about $140. Pants, about $36. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Belts: Calderon, R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Rings: Sant' Angelo, Capri. David Evins sandals, to order: I. Miller.



PAGE 230
Pleated rose-pink silk chiffon dress. Jay Kobrin for Maisonette. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue. Rings: R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Herbert Levine sandals.



PAGE 231
Long tunic and pants in palest rose-pink chiffon. Christian Dior-New York. Of Stern & Stern silk. At Elizabeth Arden; Neiman-Marcus. Stanley Hagler pearly beads. Sandals at Henri Bendel.



PAGE 232
Flower-printed silk organza dress with a ruffled shawl. Mollie Parnis (Tzaims Luksus-TSM fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Jewel: York Novelty Imports. Capri rings. Battani boots.



PAGE 233
Blue-and-green organza pants in three tiers with a tiny top. Savita of London pyjamas. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Mark Obadia belt: Bonwit Teller. All caps by Halston: Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.



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Persia

(Continued from page 248)

seem to have been picked five minutes before in the next-door meadow, and give you a fine organic boost.

The unleavened bread of Persia is delicious: It comes, they say, in at least forty varieties, nearly every town having a different way of making it. The butter is as good as any I know, except only the butter of Caernarvonshire, and Persian fruits are famous: melons from the Isfahan oasis, apples and pears, oranges from Shiraz or the Caspian littoral, pomegranates, grapes, and that most Persian of all fruits, the peach—which originated in this country, so some botanists believe, and entered Europe with the armies of the Achaemenidae.

The scruffiest roadside teahouse, torn oilcloth on its tables and corrugated iron on its roof, will whistle you up a glass of excellent hot tea; and, at another extreme, Persian caviar is said by those who know everything to be the best in the world.

The buses: boisterous; the food: one might say sensual; the horse fairs—but when I speak of horse fairs, I have a particular fair in mind, like no other I know. Discussing one day the tall poignant Rosinantes, knock-kneed and patrician, so often to be seen pulling carts and gharries around the Persian towns, I asked an acquaintance where I could best see the more stalwart Turcoman horses of the north.

"Pahlavi Dez," he replied at once, "Thursday morning before breakfast"—and there and then I went. It is a village in the Gurgan steppes, not far from the Dome of Kabus, and each week the Yamut Turcoman tribes of the area hold a trading fair.

Many of these people are settled in villages now, but many more still wander the open steppe with their portable round houses, like igloos of thatch and felt. And in ones and twos on Thursday morning they converge upon Pahlavi Dez, bolt upright on their horses, top-heavy in their black fleece hats, in stately lolloping motion across their magnificent landscape.

Some bring their wives with them, demurely riding pillion, and wearing purple or scarlet skirts and brightly-flowered shawls. And sometimes a visitor waylays a Turcoman on the way to market, crouching with camera and exposure meter to catch a picture as he passes—but not for a moment does the pace flag, inexorably the horseman continues his progress, kicking up little clouds of dust with each step, and looking distantly down from the saddle as through a thick glass plate.

These are the most daunting of the Persian peoples. Brown, slant-eyed, thin-lipped, their faces often fringed with white beard, they look as though nothing were beyond their powers, noble or atrocious, as though they never betrayed a panic or revealed a secret in their lives. Their horse fair is conducted with a reticent calm worthy of Fortnum's in its heyday. In the livestock yard a solitary horseman trots his grey imperially through the crowd, head held high, eyes flickering right and left, with a brown cloak slung over his shoulders and a rich red carpet-cloth beneath his saddle. He is only hoping to sell his horse, but looks as though he were about to represent his people at a coronation.

Here a recalcitrant goat is disciplined by a strong brown hand around a horn; here a pair of shepherds, locked in negotiation, stand in absolute silence face to face, each avoiding the other's eye, until the hint of a nod or the suspicion of a tossed head takes the bargaining a stage further. A man lifts a ewe in his arms to judge her weight. Two formidable youths sit motionless upon their ponies, taking no notice of anybody at all, but looking as though one misplaced word might seal your fate most uncomfortably.

Kebab is roasting on the pavement, and its hot spiced smell permeates the fair. In the carpet-yard the tribal carpets lie in heaps, reds and greens blazing in the dust. In the village streets men stand talking in undertones on the pavement, like ranchhands in some threatened cowtown of the American West.

When the fair ends, the horsemen pack up their belongings silently and disperse without haste across the plains, their tall humped figures scattering across the skyline in lordly independence. It is in many ways a theatrical occasion, the horse fair at Pahlavi Dez. But then few events in Persia, however prosaic in the theory, are without a spice of drama in the act.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *James Morris, whose new book,* The Great Port, *about New York, was published recently, has towered as a British journalist since, in 1953, he was special correspondent with the British Mount Everest Expedition. Best known for his sweet and salted travel writing, Mr. Morris is working on a three-volume social history of the British Empire. One volume,* Pax Britannica, *has already appeared. This sensuous description of Iran is taken from his introduction to* Persia, *a book of photographs by Roger Wood with captions by Sir Denis Wright, to be published in February, 1970 by Universe Books.*

TRAVEL CLUES TO IRAN: One of the quick and attractive ways of flying to Tehran is aboard Iran Air, Persia's white, white fleet of jets, striped in blue. Travel time from Europe's great cities—Paris, London, Rome—across the Middle East to Tehran is under nine hours. Certain flights continue over the desert to Afghanistan, and others to Pakistan and to India; others veer south to the sheikdoms of the Trucial States along the Persian Gulf. Iran Air flies over fascinating geography.

Iran Air's domestic runs seem especially planned for the convenience of travellers. Flights leave early enough in the morning so that visitors short of time may go from Isfahan to Shiraz, say, and return the same day. The airport offices of the Iran National Tourist Organization, with an English-speaking staff, open when planes land and take off and are extraordinarily efficient in mapping out sightseeing tours and arranging for interpreter-guides and cars.

P.S. In first class Iran Air serves fresh Iranian caviar—try to beat that.

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